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MARCIAN COLONNA

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MARCIAN COLONNA

AN ITALIAN TALE

WITH

THREE DRAMATIC SCENES

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

BARRY CORNWALL

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LONDON

JOHN WARREN OLD BOND STREET AND C[illegible] OLLIER
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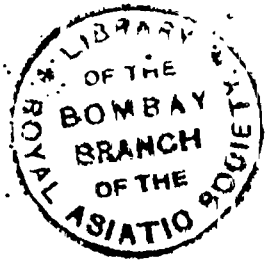

ADVERTISEMENT.

The story of 'Marcian Colonna' is fictitious; but the catastrophe was suggested by a paper which appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, entitled, 'An Extract from Gosschen's Diary.' My original intention was to paint the fluctuations of a fatalist's mind,—touched with insanity—alternately raised by kindness and depressed by neglect or severity—ameliorated by the contemplation of external nature, and generally influenced by the same causes which operate on more healthful temperaments. This intention has been in some measure departed from, and the story gradually took the form in which it now stands. The

incidents were invented: yet, it may be as well to state that when the tale was near its completion, I read in Forsyth's Travels, the account of a Princess Pignatelli, whose misfortunes closely resemble those of the heroine of Marcian Colonna.

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MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE FIRST.

MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE FIRST.

" Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker, in its savage mood."
LAMENT OF TASSO.

I.

For ever and for ever shalt thou be
Unto the lover and the poet dear,
Thou land of sunlit skies and fountains clear,
Of temples, and gray columns, and waving woods,
And mountains, from whose rifts the bursting floods
Rush in bright tumult to the Adrian sea:
O thou romantic land of Italy!
Mother of painting and sweet sounds!—tho' now
The laurels are all torn from off thy brow—
Yet, tho' the shape of Freedom now no more
May walk in beauty on thy piny shore,

Shall I, upon whose soul thy poets' lays
And all thy songs and hundred stories fell,
Like dim Arabian charms, break the soft spell
That bound me to thee in mine earlier days?
Never, divinest Italy!—thou shalt be
For aye the watchword of the heart to me.

II.

Famous thou art, and shalt be through all time:
Not that because thine iron children hurled,
Like arrows o'er the conquest-stricken world,
Their tyrannies,—but that, in a later day,
Great spirits, and gentle too, triúmphing came,
And, as the mighty day-star makes its way
From darkness into light, they toward their fame
Went, gathering splendor till they grew sublime.

Yet first of all thy sons were they who wove
Thy silken language into tales of love,
And fairest far the gentle forms that shine
In thy own poets' faery songs divine.

Oh! long as lips shall smile or pitying tears
Rain from the eyes of beauty,—long as fears
Or doubts or hopes shall sear or soothe the heart,
Or flatteries softly fall on woman's ears,
Or witching words be spoke at twilight hours,
Or tender songs be sung in orange bowers:
Long as the stars, like ladies' looks, by night
Shall shine,—more constant and almost as bright:
So long, tho' hidden in a foreign shroud,
Shall Dante's mighty spirit speak aloud;
So long the lamp of fame on Petrarch's urn
Shall, like the light of learning, duly burn;
And he be loved—he with his hundred tales;
As varying as the shadowy cloud that sails
Upon the bosom of the April sky,
And musical as when the waters run
Lapsing thro' sylvan haunts deliciously.
Nor may that gay romancer who hath told
Of knight, and damsel, and enchantments old,
So well, be e'er forgot; nor he who sung
Of Salem's holy city, lost and won,
The seer-like Tasso, who enamoured hung

On Leonora's beauty, and became
Her martyr,—blasted by a mingled flame.

The masters of the world have vanished, and
Thy gods have left or lost their old command;
The painter and the poet now have fled,
And slaves usurp the seat of Cæsar dead:
Prison and painted palace hast thou still,
But filled with creatures whom mere terrors kill;
Afraid of life and death they live and die
Eternally, and slay their own weak powers,
And hate the past, and dread the future time,
And while they steal from pleasure droop to crime,
Plucking the leaves from all the rosy hours.
Alas, alas, beautiful Italy!
—Yet he who late hath risen like a star
Amongst us (now by the Venice waves afar
He loiters with his song,) hath writ of thee,
And shared his laurell'd immortality
With thy decaying fortunes. Murmur not.
For me, with my best skill will I rehearse
My story, for it speaks of thine and thee:

It is a sad and legendary verse,
And thus it runs:——

III.

There is a lofty spot
Visible amongst the mountains Appennine,
Where once a hermit dwelt, not yet forgot
He or his famous miracles divine;
And there the Convent of Laverna stands
In solitude, built up by saintly hands,
And deemed a wonder in the elder time;
Chasms of the early world are yawning there,
And rocks are seen, craggy, and vast, and bare,
And many a dizzy precipice sublime,
And caverns dark as Death, where the wild air
Rushes from all the quarters of the sky:
Above, in all his old regality,
The monarch eagle sits upon his throne,
Or floats upon the desert winds, alone.
There, belted 'round and 'round by forests drear,
Black pine, and giant beech, and oaks that rear

Their brown diminished heads like shrubs between,
And guarded by a river that is seen
Flashing and wandering thro' the dell below,
Laverna stands.——It is a place of woe,
And, 'midst its cold dim aisles and cells of gloom,
The pale Franciscan meditates his doom.
An exile from his kind, save some sad few
(Like him imprison'd and devoted,) who,
Deserting their high natures for the creed
A bigot fashioned in his weaker dreams,
Left love and life, (yet love is life, indeed,)
And all the wonders of the world,—its gleams
Of joy, of sunshine, fair as those which spring
From the great poet's high imagining,
Sounds, and gay sights, and woman's words which bless
And carry on their echoes happiness,—
Left all that man inherits, and fell down
To worship in the dust, a demon's crown:
For there a phantom of a fearful size,
Shaped out of shadow and cloud, and nursed in pain,
And born of doubt and sorrow, and of the brain

The ever evil spirit, mocks man's eyes;
And they who worship it are cold and wan,
Timid and proud, envying while they despise
The wealth and wishes of their fellow man.

IV.

Amongst the squalid crowd that lingered there,
Mocking with empty forms and hopeless prayer,
Their bounteous God, was one of princely race—
The young COLONNA,—in his form and face
Honoring the mighty stem from which he sprung.
Born amidst Roman ruins, he had hung
O'er every tale of sad antiquity,
And on its fallen honors, once so high,
Had mused like one who hoped. His soul had gone
Into the depth of ages, and had brought
From thence strange things and tidings, such as none
Or few e'er dream of now; and then he thought
That somewhat of the spirit old might be
Still living in the land—perhaps might haunt
The temples still; and often silently

He wandered thro' the night, and loved to hear
The winds come wailing by the tombs, and see
The thistle stagger and the ivy sere
Shake in the blast—she who triumphantly
Hangs her black tresses, like a rustling pall,
O'er grave and arch alike, and preys on all.

He was the youngest of his house, and from
His very boyhood a severer gloom
Than such as marks the child, gathered and grew
Around him, like an overshadowing veil;
And yet at times—(often) when some sad tale
Was told, from out that seeming darkness flew
Flashes of mind and passion, and his eye
Burned with the lightning of his brain, and then
He spoke more proudly; yet, by many men,
(Who some ancestral taint had not forgot,)
MARCIAN was shunned from very infancy,
And marked and chartered for the madman's lot.

V.

At home he met neglect, and fear abroad,
And so life grew, early, a heavy load.
Studious he was, and on the poet's page
Had pored beyond the feeling of his age,
And war, and high exploit, and knightly worth,
And fiery love, and dark and starry themes
Fed, with distemper'd food, the aching dreams
That haunted all his hours, and gave birth
To thirst of enterprize and wishes vain
Which died as they arose,—in pride and pain.

For he was doomed by a father's will to wear
The sullen cowl, and was forbid to share
The splendour of an elder brother's fate;
And therefore came distrust and bitter hate,
And envy, like the serpent's twining coil,
Ran 'round his heart and fixed its station there,
And thro' his veins did lurking fevers boil
Until they burst in madness,—then his mind
Became, at last, as is that languid wind

That floats across the calm blue sea, and falls
And rises o'er the Coliseum's walls,
And he like that great ruin.—In this hour
Of misery, when the soul had lost its power,
When memory slept, and that blank idiot air,
More hideous than death—to which despair
Is nothing, nor remorse—came smiling o'er
His features, they (his cautious parents) bore
The youth unto Laverna. By the shore
Of the blue dashing Mediterranean seas
They travell'd, and at times when the swift breeze
Came playing 'round his brows, a sadness crept
Silently o'er his eye, and then he sighed
Like one who thought, and when the soft wind died
He listened to its gentle fall, and wept.
They noted not the change, but bore him on
Unto his convent prison, and their gold
Stamped with the weight of truth the tale they told;
And there they left him to his fate,—alone.

VI.

They left him to his prison, and then returned;
And festal sounds were heard, and songs were sung,
And all around the walls were garlands hung,
As usual, and gay censers brightly burned
In the Colonna palace. He was missed
By none, and when his mother fondly kissed
Her eldest born, and bade him on that day
Devote him to the dove-eyed Julia,
The proud Vitelli's child, Rome's paragon,
She thought no longer of her cloistered son.

On that same night of mirth Vitelli came
With his fair child, sole heiress of his name,—
She came amidst the lovely and the proud,
Peerless; and when she moved, the gallant crowd
Divided, as the obsequious vapours light
Divide to let the queen-moon pass by night:
Then looks of love were seen, and many a sigh
Was wasted on the air, and some aloud
Talked of the pangs they felt and swore to die:—

She, like the solitary rose that springs
In the first warmth of summer days, and flings
A perfume the more sweet because alone—
Just bursting into beauty, with a zone
Half girl's half woman's, smiled and then forgot
Those gentle things to which she answered not.
But when Colonna's heir bespoke her hand,
And led her to the dance, she question'd why
His brother joined not in that revelry:
Careless he turned aside and did command
Loudly the many instruments to sound,
And well did that young couple tread the ground:
Each step was lost in each accordant note,
Which thro' the palace seemed that night to float
As merrily, as tho' the Satyr-god
With his inspiring reed, (the mighty Pan,)
Had left his old Arcadian woods, and trod
Piping upon the shores Italian.

Again she asked in vain: yet, as he turned
(The brother) from her, a fierce colour burned
Upon his cheek, and fading left it pale
As death, and half proclaimed the guilty tale.

—She dwelt upon that night till pity grew
Into a wilder passion: the sweet dew
That linger'd in her eye 'for pity's sake,'
Was—(like an exhalation in the sun)
Dried and absorbed by love. Oh! love can take
What shape he pleases, and when once begun
His fiery inroad in the soul, how vain
The after-knowledge which his presence gives!
We weep or rave, but still he lives and lives,
Master and lord, 'midst pride and tears and pain.

VII.

Now may we seek Colonna. When he found
Himself a prisoner in his cell, and bound,
And saw the eye-less skull and glass of sand
And ghastly crucifix before him, he
'Rose with a sudden shriek and burst the band
That tied him to his pallet, and stood free:
Not thus alone he stood, for the wild shock
Darted upon his brain and did unlock
The gates of memory, and from his soul

Gradual he felt the clouds of madness roll,
And with his mind's redemption every base
And darker passion fled—shrunk 'fore its light,
As at the glance of morning shrinks the night.
Not suddenly,—but slow, from day to day,
The shadow from his spirit passed away,
And sometimes would return, at intervals,
As blight upon the opening blossom falls.
—And then he pondered in his prison place,
On many an awful theme ne'er conn'd before,
Of darkness and decay, and of that shore
Upon whose shadowy strand pale spirits walk,
'Tis said, for many ages, and would talk
Right eloquent with every monk who there
Boasted of penitence, and felt despair,
In whose dull eye Hope shone not, and whose breath
Was one unvaried tale of Death and Death.

VIII.

But in his gentler moments he would gaze,
With something of the love of earlier days,

On the far prospects, and on summer morns
Would wander to a high and distant peak,
Against whose rocky bosom the clouds break
In showers upon the forests. It adorns
The landscape, and from out a pine-wood high,
Springs like a craggy giant to the sky.
Here, on this summit of the hills, he loved
To lie and look upon the world below;
And almost did he wish at times to know
How in that busy world man could be moved
To live for ever—what delights were there
To equal the fresh sward and odorous air,
The valleys and green slopes, and the sweet call
Of bird to bird, what time the shadows fall
Toward the west:—yet something there must be
He felt, and that he now desired to see.

As once he pondered there, on the far world,
And on himself, like a lone creature hurled
From all its pleasures—its temptations, all,
Over his heart there fell, like a dark pall,
The memory of the past: he thought and thought,

'Till in his brain a busier spirit wrought,
And Nature then unlocked with her sweet smile
The icy barrier of his heart, and he
Returned unto his first humanity.
He felt a void, and much he grieved the while,
Within his heart, as tho' he wished to share
A joy he knew not with another mind;
Wild were his thoughts, but every wish refined,
And pure as waters of the mountain spring:
Was it the birth of Love?—did *he* unbind
(Like the far scent of wild flowers blossoming)
His perfumed pinions in that rocky lair,
To save a heart so young from perishing there?—

IX.

Some memory had he of Vitelli's child,
But gathered where he now remembered not;
Perhaps, like a faint dream or vision wild,
(Which, once beheld, may never be forgot,)
She floated in his fancy; and when pain
And fevers hot came thronging round his brain,

Her shape and voice fell like a balm upon
His sad and dark imagination.
A gentle minister she was, when he
Saw forms, 'twas said, which often silently
Passed by his midnight couch, and felt at times
Strange horror for imaginary crimes,
(Committed, or to be,) and in his walk
Of Fate and Death, and phantom things would talk,
Shrieks scared him from his sleep, and figures came
On his alarmed sight, and thro' the glades,
When evening filled the woods with trembling shades,
Followed his footsteps; and a star-like flame
Floated before his eyes palely by day,
And glared by night and would not pass away.
—At last his brother died. Giovanni fell
A victim in a cause he loved too well;
And the Colonna prince, without his heir,
Bethought him of the distant convent, where
A child had been imprison'd, that he might gain
Riches for one he better lov'd:—How vain,

And idle now! Dead was the favoured son,
And sad the father,—but the crime was done.

X.

Then Marcian sought his home. A ghastly gloom
Hung o'er the pillars and the wrecks of Rome,
And scarcely, as the clouds were swiftly driven
In masses shrouding the blue face of heaven,
Was seen, by tremulous glimpses, the pale moon,
Who looked abroad in fear and vanished soon.
The winds were loud amongst the ruins, where
The wild weeds shook abroad their ragged hair,
And sounds were heard, like sobs from some lone man,
And murmuring 'tween his banks the Tyber ran.
In the Colonna palace there were tears
Flowing from aged eyes that seldom wept;
Their son was gone—the hope of many years
Cold in his marble home for ever slept.
—The father met his child: with tremulous grasp
He pressed his hand, and he returned the clasp,

And spoke assuring words—' that he was come
' To soothe his grief and cheer his desolate home,'
And then he bade him quite forget the past.
Thus hand in hand they sate awhile; at last
A deep deep sob came bursting from the gloom
That hid the far part of the palace room,
And, after, all was silent as the grave.
Colonna rose, and by the lamp that gave
A feeble light, saw, like a shape of stone,
His mother couching in the dusk, alone:
Her hand was clenched, and her eye wandered wild
Like one who lost and sought, (in vain,) a child;
And now and then a smile, but not a tear,
Told that she fancied still her darling near;
And then she shook her head and crossed her arms
Over her breast, and turned her from the light,
And seemed as tho' she muttered inward charms,
To scare some doubtful phantom from her sight.
He spoke to her in vain: her heart was filled
With grief, and every passion else was stilled;
Was buried,—lost. Just as the mighty rains
Which, gathering, flood the valleys in the days

Of Autumn, or as rivers when snow decays
Sweep all things in their course, 'till nought remains
Distinguishable,—earth, and roots, and grass,
And stones, and casual things, a mingled mass,
Driven onwards by the waters, and o'erborne
'Till but the stream is seen: So they who mourn
Deeply, and they, 'tis said, who love the best
In one wild mastering passion lose the rest.

XI.

At last, the woes that wrapped the mother 'round
Broke and dissolved, and a serener day
Shone on her life; but never more the sound
Of noisy mirth or festal music gay
Was heard within Colonna's walls,—and yet
A calm and pleasant circle often met,
And the despised, neglected Marcian now
Wore the descended honours on his brow.
Unlike he was in boyhood,—yet so grave
They doubted sometimes if he quite forgave
The past; and then there played a moody smile

About his mouth, and he at times would speak
Of one with heavenly bloom upon her cheek,
Whose vision did his convent hours beguile;
A phantom shape, and which in sleep still came
And fanned the colour of his cheek to flame.
Sometimes has he been known to gaze afar
Watching the coming of the evening star,
And as it progress'd toward the middle sky,
Like the still twilight's lonely deity,
Would fancy that a spirit resided there,
A gentle spirit and young, with golden hair,
And eyes as blue as the blue dome above,
And a voice as tender as the sound of love.

XII.

Some months thus passed among the wrecks of Rome,
And seldom thought he of the fearful doom
On which he used to ponder: still he felt
That he alone amidst the many dwelt,
Lonely; but why he cared not, or forgot

The jibings cast upon his early lot.
—One morning as he lay half listlessly
Within the shadow of a column, where
His forehead met such gusts of cooling air
As the bright summer knows in Italy,
A gorgeous cavalcade went thundering by,
Dusty and worn with travel: As it passed
Some said the great Count had returned, at last,
From his long absence upon foreign lands:
'Twas told that many countries he had seen,
(He and his lady daughter,) and had been
A long time journeying on the Syrian sands,
And visited holy spots, and places where
The Christian roused the Pagan from his lair,
And taught him charity and creeds divine,
By spilling his bright blood in Palestine.

XIII.

Vitelli and his child returned at last,
After some years of wandering. Julia
Had been betrothed and widow'd: she had passed

From bondage into liberty, and they
Who knew the bitter husband she had wed,
Rejoiced to learn that he indeed was dead.
She had been sacrificed in youth, to one
She never loved; but he she loved was gone,
And so it matter'd not: 'tis true some tears
Stained her pale cheek at times in after years,
And much unkindness from the man on whom
She had bestowed her beauty, drew a gloom
Around her face, and curtained up in shade
The eyes that once like sunny spirits played.
But he was dead:—Sailing along the sea,
His pleasure barque was gliding pleasantly,
When sudden winds arose, and mighty waves
Were put in motion, and deep yawning graves
Opened on every side with hideous roar:
He screamed and struggled, and was seen no more.
This was the tale.—Orsini's titles fell
Upon a student youth, scarce known before,
Who took the princely name and wore it well.

XIV.

And Julia saw the youth she loved again:
But he was now the great Colonna's heir,
And she whom he had left so young and fair,
A few short years ago, was grown, with pain
Of thoughts unutter'd (a heart-eating care,)
Pale as a statue. When he met her first
He gazed and gasped as tho' his heart would burst.
Her figure came before him like a dream
Revealed at morning, and a sunny gleam
Broke in upon his soul and lit his eye
With something of a tender prophecy.
And was she then the shape he oft had seen,
By day and night,—she who had such strange power
Over the terrors of his wildest hour?
And was it not a phantom that had been
Wandering about him? Oh with what deep fear
He listened now, to mark if he could hear
The voice that lulled him,—but she never spoke;
For in her heart her own young love awoke
From its long slumber, and chained down her tongue,

And she sate mute before him: he, the while,
Stood feasting on her melancholy smile,
Till o'er his eyes a dizzy vapour hung
And he rushed forth into the freshning air,
Which kissed and played about his temples bare,
And he grew calm. Not unobserved he fled,
For she who mourned him once as lost and dead,
Saw with a glance, as none but women see,—
His secret passion, and home silently
She went rejoicing, 'till Vitelli asked
'Wherefore her spirit fell,'—and then she tasked
Her fancy for excuse wherewith to hide
Her thoughts and turn his curious gaze aside.

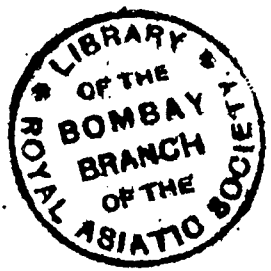
XV.

That fateful day passed by; and then there came
Another and another, and the flame
Of love burned brightly in Colonna's breast,
But while it filled it robbed his soul of rest:
At home, abroad, at morning, and at noon

In the hot sultry hours, and when the moon
Shone in the cool fresh sky, and shaped those dim
And shadowy figures once so dear to him,—
Wheree'er he wandered, she would come upon
His mind, a phantom like companion;
Yet, with that idle dread with which the heart
Stifles its pleasures, he would ever depart
And loiter long amongst the streets of Rome,
When she, he feared, might visit at his home.
A strange and sad perverseness; he did fear
To part with that pale hope which shone at last
Glimmering upon his fortunes. Many a year
Burthen'd with evil o'er his head had passed,
And stamped upon his brow the marks of care,
And so he seemed as old before his time;
And many would pretend that in his air
There was a gloom that had its birth in crime.
—'Tis thus the wretched are trod down. Despair
Doth strike as deep a furrow in the brain,
As mischief or remorse; and doubt will pain
And sear the heart like sin accomplished.

But slander ever hath hung upon the head
Of silent sorrow, and corroding shame
Preys on its heart, and its defenceless name
Is blotted by the bad, until it flies
From the base world a willing sacrifice.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE SECOND.

MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE SECOND.

"Love surely hath been breathing here."
SYBILLINE LEAVES.

"We will leave them to themselves,
To the moon and the stars, these happy elves,
To the murmuring wave and the zephyr's wing,
That dreams of gentlest joyance bring,
To bathe their slumbering eyes."
ISLE OF PALMS.

I.

OH POWER of Love so fearful and so fair—
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care—
Oh! thou day-dreaming Spirit, who dost look
Upon the future, as the charmed book
Of Fate were open'd to thine eyes alone—
Thou who dost cull, from moments stolen and gone
Into eternity, memorial things
To deck the days to come—thy revellings
Were glorious and beyond all others: Thou
Didst banquet upon beauty once; and now
The ambrosial feast is ended!—Let it be.

Enough to say '*It was.*'—Oh! upon me
From thy o'ershadowing wings etherial
Shake odorous airs, so may my senses all
Be spell-bound to thy service, beautiful power,
And on the breath of every coming hour
Send me faint tidings of the things that were,
And aid me as I try gently to tell
The story of that young Italian pair,
Who loved so lucklessly, yet ah! so well.

II.

How long Colonna in his gloomier mood
Remained, it matters not: I will not brood
On evil themes; but, leaving grief and crime,
At once I pass unto a blyther time.
—One night—one summer night he wandered far
Into the Roman suburbs; Many a star
Shone out above upon the silent hours,
Save when, awakening the sweet infant flowers;
The breezes travell'd from the west, and then
A small cloud came abroad and fled again.

The red rose was in blossom, and the fair
And bending lily to the wanton air
Bared her white breast, and the voluptuous lime
Cast out his perfumes, and the wilding thyme
Mingled his mountain sweets, transplanted low
'Midst all the flowers that in those regions blow.
—He wandered on: At last, his spirit subdued
By the deep influence of that hour, partook
E'en of its nature, and he felt imbued
With a more gentle love, and he did look
At times amongst the stars, as on a book
Where he might read his destiny. How bright
Heaven's many constellations shone that night!
And from the distant river a gentle tune,
Such as is uttered in the months of June,
By brooks, whose scanty streams have languished long
For rain, was heard;—a tender, lapsing song,
Sent up in homage to the quiet moon.

III.

He mused, 'till from a garden, near whose wall
He leant, a melancholy voice was heard
Singing alone, like some poor widow bird
That casts unto the woods her desert call.
It was the voice—the very voice that rung
Long in his brain that now so sweetly sung.
He passed the garden bounds and lightly trod,
Checking his breath, along the grassy sod,
(By buds and blooms half-hidden, which the breeze
Had ravished from the clustering orange trees,)
Until he reached a low pavillion, where
He saw a lady pale, with radiant hair
Over her forehead and in garments white;
A harp was by her, and her fingers light
Carelessly o'er the golden strings were flung;
Then, shaking back her locks, with upward eye,
And lips that dumbly moved, she seemed to try
To catch an old disused melody—
A sad Italian air it was, which I

Remember in my boyhood to have heard,
And still—(tho' here and there perhaps a word
Be now forgot,) I recollect the song,
Which might to any lovelorn tale belong.

SONG.

Whither ah! whither is my lost love straying—
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea?
Oh! ye winds now playing
Like airy spirits 'round my temples free,
Fly and tell him this from me:

Tell him, sweet winds, that in my woman's bosom
My young love still retains its perfect power,
Or, like the summer blossom,
That changes still from bud to the full-blown flower,
Grows with every passing hour.

Say (and say gently) that since we two parted,
How little joy—much sorrow I have known:
Only not broken-hearted
Because I muse upon bright moments gone,
And dream and think of him alone.

IV.

The lady ended, and Colonna knelt
Before her with outstretched arms: He felt
That she, whom in the mountains far away
His heart had loved so much, at last was his.
"Is there, oh! is there in a world like this"
(He spoke) "such joy for me? Oh! Julia,
Art thou indeed no phantom which my brain
Has conjured out of grief and desperate pain—
And shall I then from day to day behold
Thee again, and still again? Oh! speak to me,
Julia—and gently for I have grown old
In sorrow ere my time: I kneel to thee."
—Thus with a passionate voice the lover broke
Upon her solitude, and while he spoke

'In such a tone as might a maiden move;
Her fear gave place to pride, and pride to love.'
Quick are fond women's sights, and clear their powers,
They live in moments years, an age in hours;
Thro' every movement of the heart they run
In a brief period with a courser's speed,
And mark, decide, reject; but if indeed
They smile on us—oh! as the eternal sun
Forms and illuminates all to which this earth
(Impregnate by his glance) hath given birth,
Even so the smile of woman stamps our fates,
And consecrates the love it first creates.

V.

At first she listened with averted eye,
And then, half turning towards him, tenderly
She marked the deep sad truth of every tone,
Which told that he was hers, and all her own,
And saw the hectic flush upon his cheek,
(That silent language which the passions speak

So eloquently well,) and so she smiled
Upon him. With a pulse rapid and wild,
And eyes lit up with love, and all his woes
Abandoned or forgot, he lightly rose,
And placed himself beside her. "Julia!
My own, my own, for you are mine," he said;
Then on her shoulder drooped his feverish head,
And for a moment he seemed dying away:
But he recovered quick. "Oh! Marcian
I fear"—she softly sighed:—"Again, again;
Speak, my divinest love,—again, and shower
The music of your words which have such power,
Such absolute power upon my fainting soul—
Oh! I've been wandering toward that fearful goal,
Where Life and Death, Trouble and Silence meet,
(The Grave) with weak, perhaps with erring feet,
A long, long time without thee—but no more;
For can I think upon that shadowy shore,
Whilst thou art here standing beside me, sweet!"—
She spoke "Dear Marcian I"—"How soft she speaks,
He uttered: "Nay—" (and as the daylight breaks

Over the hills at morning was her smile,)
" Nay you must listen silently, awhile."

" Dear Marcian, you and I for many years
Have suffered: I have bought relief with tears;
But, my poor friend, I fear a misery
Beyond the reach of tears has weighed on thee.
What 'tis I know not, but (now calmly mark
My words) 'twas said that—that thy mind was dark,
And the red fountains of thy blood, (as Heaven
Is stained with the dying lights of Even,)
Were tainted—that thy mind did wander far,
At times, a dangerous and erratic star,
Which like a pestilence sweeps the lower sky,
Dreaded by every orb and planet nigh.
This hath my father heard. Oh! Marcian,
He is a worldly and a cruel man,
And made me once a victim; but again
It shall not be. I have had too much of pain,
Too much for such short hours as life affords,
And I would fain from out the golden hoards
Of joy, pluck some fair ornament, at last,
To gild my life with—but *my* life hath past."

Her head sank on her bosom: gently he
Kissed off the big bright tears of misery.
Alas! that ever such glittering drops should flow
(Bright as tho' born of Happiness,) from woe!
—He soothed her for a time, and she grew calm,
For lovers' language is the surest balm
To hearts that sorrow much: that night they parted
With kisses and with tears, but both light hearted,
And many a vow was made, and promise spoke,
And well believed by both and never broke:
They parted, but from that time often met,
In that same garden when the sun had set,
And for awhile Colonna's mind forgot,
In the fair present hour, his future lot.

VI.

To those o'er whom pale Destiny with his sting
Hangs, a mere glance, a word, a sound will bring
The bitter future with its terrors, all
Black and o'erwhelming. Like Colonna's star,
Tho' hidden for awhile or banish'd far,

The time *will* come,—at prayer or festival,
Slumber or morning sport or mid-day task;
The soul can never fly itself, nor mask
The face of fate with smiles.———
How oft by some strange ill of body or mind
Man's fine and piercing sense is stricken blind;
No matter then how slight the shadows be,
The veil is thick to him who cannot see.
Solid and unsubstantial, false and true,
Are Fear and Fate; but to that wretched few,
Who call the dim phantasmas from their graves,
And bow before their own creations, slaves,
They are immortal—holy—fix'd—supreme.
—No more of this. Now pass I to my theme.

VII.

The hours passed gently,—even happily
Awhile; tho' sometimes o'er Colonna's brow
There shone a meaning strange, as tho' his doom
Flashed like a light across his memory,
And left behind a momentary gloom;

This would he smile away, and then forget,
And then again, sighing, remember: yet,
Over pale Julia's face that shadow cast
A shadow like itself, and when it passed
Its sad reflection vanished. Lovers' eyes
Bright mirrors are where Love may look and see
Its gladness, grief, beauty, deformity,
Pictured in all their answering colours plain,
So long as the true life and Soul remain;
For when the substance shrinks the shadow flies.

Thus lived Colonna, 'till to common eyes
He seemed redeemed and rescued from despair;
And often would he catch the joyous air
Of the mere idler, and the past would seem,
To him and others, like a terrible dream
Dissolved: 'twas then a clearer spirit grew
In his black eye, and over the deep blue
Of Julia's a soft happier radiance hung,
Like the dark beauty from the starlight flung
Upon the world, which tells Heaven's breast is clear
Within, and that abroad no cloud is near.

VIII.

Once—only once—('twas in a lonely hour)
He felt the presence of his evil power
Weighing upon him, and he left his home
In silence, amidst fresher scenes to roam.
—'Twas said that he did wander far and wide
O'er desert heaths, and on the Latian plains
Bared his hot forehead to the falling rains,
Which there bring death; and, with a heart allied
To gentle pleasures still, on the green hill's side
Would stretch his length upon the evening grass,
Shedding sweet tears to see the great sun pass
Away like a dream of boyhood. Darkness then
Grew his familiar, and in caverns deep,
(By the strange voice of silence lulled asleep,)
He oft' would hide himself within its arms;
Or gaze upon the eyes of Heaven, when
She stands illustrious with her midnight charms
Revealed—all unobscured by moon or sun,
Gay-tincted cloud, or airy rainbow won
From light and showers; and when storms were high

He listened to the Wind-God riding by
The mountain places, and there took his stand
Hearkening his voice of triumph or command,
Or heard him thro' the piny forests rave,
Ere he went murmuring to his prison cave.

IX.

And then unto the rocks of Tivoli
He went: Alas! for gone Antiquity—
Its holy and mysterious temple where
The Sybil spread abroad her hoary hair,
And spoke her divine oracles. Her home
Is crumbling into dust, and sheeted foam
Now sparkles where her whitened tresses hung;
And where her voice, like Heaven's, was freely flung
Unto the echoes, now fierce torrents flow,
Filling with noise and spray the dell below.
Not useless are ye yet, ye rocks and woods
Of Tivoli, altho' long since have vanished
From your lost land its gorgeous palaces,
And tho' the spirit of the place be banished

The earth for ever—yet your silver floods
Remain, (immortal music!) and the breeze
Brings health and freshness to your waving trees.

X.

For weeks amongst the woods did Marcian rove
And wilds: At last, unto his widowed love
He came again, while yet the fever stained
His cheek and darkness on his brow remained.
She saw the hectic colour burning bright
Clouded by looks of sorrow, and one night—
It was a night of sultry summer weather,
And they were sitting in the garden where,
Guided by fate, and drawn like doves together,
They once had met, and meeting mocked at care,
And he first sank upon her bosom fair:
Her white and delicate fingers now by his
Were held and not withdrawn, and with a kiss
He thanked her, yet with idle question tried
To cheat away the grief she could not hide.
He felt that he had planted in her heart

The seeds of grief; and could he then depart
And leave the lady of his love in tears—
Weighed down (and for his sake) by silent fears?
He could not: Oh he felt the pleading look
Of her who loved him so, nor could he brook
Still to be thought a frantic. "Thou shalt know,
Dearest," he said, "my hidden story now;
Forgive me that before I told thee not:
I thought—I wished to think the thing forgot."
—He pondered then, as to regain a thought:
At length, with a firm tongue, (but mingling still
Much fancy with the fact, as madmen will,)
He told his tale—his dream:—

XI.

"From my sad youth
I never was beloved,—never. Truth
Fell mildew'd from my lips, and in my eye
Gloomed, it was said, the red insanity.
I was not mad—nor am; but I became
Withered by malice, and a clouded flame

Rose from my heart and made my eyesight dim,
And my brain turn, and palsied every limb,
And the world stood in stupor for a time.
Yet from my fiery cloud I heard of crime,
Of parents'—brother's hate, and of one lost
For want of kindness.—Then?—aye; then there came
The rushing of innumerable wings
By me, and sweets, such as the summer flings,
Fell on my fainting senses, and I crept
Into some night-dark place, and long I slept.
I slept, until a rude uneasy motion
Stirred me: what passed I know not then, and yet
Methought the air blew freshly, and the ocean
Danced with its bright blue waters: I forget
Where all this happened; but at last my brain
Seemed struggling with itself, awhile in vain.
There was a load on it, like hopeless care
Upon the mind—a dreary heavy load,
And, now and then, it seemed as shapes did goad
My soul to recollection,—or despair."

XII.

" Clearer and clearer now from day to day
The figures floated on my sight, but when
I moved they vanished. Then, a grim array,
Like spectres from the graves of buried men,
Came by in silence: each upon his face
Wore a wild look, as tho' some sad disgrace
Had stamped his life (or thus I thought) with sorrow.
They vanished too; but ever on the morrow
They came again, in greater sadness, 'till
I spoke; then one of them gave answer—shrill
As blasts that whistle thro' the dungeon's grate
On bleak December nights, when in her state
Comes the white Winter. ' Look !'—(I thus translate
The sounds it uttered)—' Look,' the phantom said,
' Upon thine ancestry departed—dead.
' Each one thou seest hath left his gaping tomb
' Empty, and comes to warn thee of thy doom:
' And each, whilst living, bore within his brain
' A settled madness: start not—so dost thou:
' Thou art *our own*, and on thy moody brow

'There is the invisible word ne'er writ in vain.
'Look on us all: we died as thou shalt die,
'The victims of our heart's insanity.
'From sire to son the boiling rivers ran
'Thro' every vein, and 'twas alike with all:
'It touched the child and trampled down the man;
'And every eye that, with its dead dull ball,
'Seems as it stared upon thee now, was bright.
'As thine is, with the true transmitted light.
'Madness and pain of heart shall break thy rest,
'And she shall perish whom thou lovest the best.
'Once thou hast been a mockery unto men,
'But thus, at least, it shall not be again.
'Behold—where yon red rolling star doth shine
'From out the darkness: that fierce star is thine,
'Thy Destiny, thy Spirit, and its power
'Shall guard and rule thee to thy latest hour;
'And never shall it quit thy side, but be
'Invisible to all and dim to thee,
'Save when the fever of thy soul shall rise,
'And then that light shall flash before thine eyes,
'And thou shalt then remember that thy fate

'Is—*murder*.'—Thus upon the silence broke
The spectre's hollow words; but while it spoke,
Its pale lip never moved, nor did its eye
Betray intelligence. With sweeping state,
Over the ground the train then glided by,
And vanish'd—vanish'd. Then methought I 'woke."

XIII.

"It was no dream, for often since that hour
The star has flashed, and I *have* felt its power,
('Twas in my moodier moments,) and my soul
Seemed languishing for blood, and there did roll
Rivers of blood beside me, and my hands,
As tho' I had obeyed my Fate's commands,
Were smeared and sanguine, and my throbbing brow
Grew hot and blistered with the fire within,
And my heart withered with a secret sin,
And my whole heart was tempested: it grew
Larger methought with passion—even now
I feel it swell within me, and a flood
Of fiery wishes, such as man ne'er knew,

Seem to consume me. Sometimes I have stood
Looking at Heaven—for Hope, with these sad eyes,
In vain—for I was born a sacrifice.
What Hope was there for me, a murderer?
What lovely? nothing—yes I err, I err."

"Yes,—mixed with these wild visionings, a form
Descended, fragile as a summer cloud,
And with her gentle voice she stilled the storm:
I never saw her face, and yet I bowed
Down to the dust, as savage men, they say,
Adore the sun in countries far away.
I felt the music of her words like balm
Raining upon my soul, and I grew calm
As the great forest lion that lay down
At Una's feet, without a single moan,
Vanquish'd by love, or as the herds that hung
Their heads in silence when the Thracian sung.
—I never saw her,—never: but her voice
Was the whole world to me. It said 'Rejoice,
For I am come to love thee, youth, at last,
To recompence thy pains and sorrow past.

No longer now, amongst the mountains high,
Shalt thou over thy single destiny
Mourn: I am come to share it. I, whom all
Have worshipped like a shrine, have left the hall
Of my proud parents, and without a sigh,
Am come to roam by caverns and by floods,
And be a dweller with thee in the woods."

" —Here let me pause, for now I must not say,
How she, my gentle spirit, fades away;
And now, and now——Alas! and must I die,
The martyr of a crime I cannot shun?
What have I—what have my dead fathers done,
That thus from age to age a misery
Is seared and stamped upon us? Shall it be
For ever thus? It shall not... I will run
My race as fearless as the summer sun,
When clouds come not, and like his course above
Shall mine be here, below, all light and love."

XIV.

He ended, and with kisses sweet and soft
She recompensed his words, and bade him dwell
No more upon the past, but look aloft
And pray to Heaven; and yet she bade him tell
Again the story of that lady young,
Who o'er him in such dream like beauty hung.
" You saw her, Marcian—No ?"—" My love, my love,
My own," he said, " 'twas thou, my forest dove,
Who soothed me in the wilderness, and crept
Into my heart, and o'er my folly wept
From dusky evening to the streaming morn,
Showers of sparkling tears. Oh! how forlorn
Was I without thee. Should I lose thee now—"
" Away, away," she said, and on his brow
Pressed her vermillion lips, and drew his hair
Aside and kissed again his forehead fair.
" Come, thou shalt lie upon—aye, on my breast,
And I will sing thee into golden rest."

XV.

Thus talked they, follying, as lovers will;
A pleasant pastime,—and when worldly pain
Comes heavily on us, it is pleasant still
To read of this in song: it brings again
The hours of youth before man's jaded eye,
Spreading a charm about him, silently.
—Oh! never shall thy name, sweet Poesy,
Be flung away, or trampled by the crowd
As a thing of little worth, while *I* aloud
May—(with a feeble voice indeed) proclaim
The sanctity, the beauty of thy name.
Thy grateful servant am I, for thy power
Has solaced *me* thro' many a wretched hour;
In sickness—aye, when frame and spirit sank,
I turned me to thy chrystal cup and drank
Intoxicating draughts. Faithfullest friend,
Most faithful—perhaps best—when none were nigh
Unto thy green recesses did I send
My thoughts, and freshest rills of poesy
Came streaming all around from fountains old;

And so I drank and drank, and haply told
How thankful was I unto the night wind
Alone,—a cheerless confidant, but kind.

And now, Colonna, and sweet Julia,
A few few words to ye: If I have sung
Imperfectly your loves, or idly hung
Upon your griefs, forgive it. One fair day
Shone on your lives and lingered, yet—and yet
I now must pass what I may ne'er forget.
—Thou bright and hymeneal Star, whose wane
(For thou alone canst never rise again,)
Is as the dark declining of the soul,
Roll gently over youth and beauty—roll
In thy so sweet and silent course along,
A soft sigh only thy companion-song:
In all the light of love I leave thee now,
Unclouded and sublime. Upon the brow
Of each shed thy soft influence—calm, not gay:
For me,—a word I'll speak, and then—away.

XVI.

Sleep softly, on your bridal pillows, sleep,
Excellent pair! happy and young and true;
And o'er your days, and o'er your slumbers deep
And airy dreams, may Love's divinest dew
Be scatter'd like the April rains of Heaven:
And may your tender words, whispered at even,
Be woven into music; and, as the wind
Leaves when it flies a sweetness still behind,
When distant, may each silver sounding tone
Weigh on the other's heart, and bring (tho' gone)
The absent back; and may no envy sever
Your joys, but may each love—be loved for ever.

* * * * * * * *

Now, as I write, lo! thro' my window streams
The midnight moon—crescented Dian, who
'Tis said once wandered from her wastes of blue,
And all for love; filling a shepherd's dreams
With beauty and delight. He slept, he slept,
And on his eyelids white the huntress wept

Till morning; and looked thro', on nights like this,
His lashes dark, and left her dewy kiss.—
But never more upon the Latmos hill
May she descend to kiss that forest boy,
And give—receive gentle and innocent joy,
When clouds are distant far, and winds are still:
Her bound is circumscribed, and curbed her will.
—Those were immortal stories:—are they gone?
The pale queen is dethroned. Endymion
Hath vanished; and the worship of this earth
Is bowed to golden gods of vulgar birth.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE THIRD.

MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE THIRD.

" The tale I follow to its last recess
Of suffering and of peace."—
VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

I.

FAREWELL unto the valleys and the shores
Lashed by the sounding sea: awhile farewell
To every haunted fountain, lawny dell,
And piny wood thro' which the night wind roars—
And oh! sweet Love, soon must I say farewell
Even to thee, and Happiness—gay flowers
Ye are who shew yourselves in sunny hours,
But die away before your buds are blown.
Life's earliest relics, in its spring-time strewn
Like wither'd weeds before the steps of Fate.
Frail, fading offerings,—yet ere I sate
Myself with sorrow, in a pleasant rhyme
Would I speak somewhat of a gentler time.

II.

Oh! full of languishment, too deep to last,
The bridal hours in happy beauty passed,
(The feather footed hours!)—and hoary Time
Smoothed his pale brow, and with a look sublime,
From out the stream of joy a measure quaffed,
And young Love shook his rosy wings and laughed.
Dance and Arcadian tale and sylvan song,
Which to those moments did of right belong,
Went round and then returned: the morning Sun
Met brighter eyes than e'er he glanced upon,
And evening saw them still the same, and night
Looked from her star-lit throne, on stars more bright.
The morn was given to tale, the noon to ease
And musing beneath shade of branching trees;
The night to slumber; but at evening gray,
When the too fiery Sun had passed away,
Music was heard beneath the smiling moon,
Till midnight came, (it ever came too soon,)
And songs which lovers once were wont to sing
Of knight forlorn and lady triumphing;

And flowers that lie upon the breast of May,
Like gems, were plucked to fashion garlands gay,
And laurels green to deck the poet's head,
For then the bard was loved and honoured.
—Some lay beside a river lapsing clear,
And fancied Sylph or Naiad watching near,
While some of fabled Faun and Dryad told,
Or Fairy haunting well or fountain cold;
And ever and anon the fitful breeze
Came aiding those most gentle phantasies,
And died away, as voices by a lyre
(Touched by the trembling of its notes) expire.
—Around the lovers brows white roses hung,
And at their feet the wealth of spring was flung;
And they at times would sit apart and speak
Each to the other with a flushing cheek,
Or note the gentle look in maiden's eye,
Called up by lordly gallant whispering by.

III.

Fate was at hand—a snake amidst the flowers;
And looked and laughed upon the passing hours;
And envy and pale hate then exiled far
Foretold the setting of Love's brighter star.
—Oh! the deep sorrow of that weary day
When Marcian chanced, as he was wont, to stray
Scarce listening to the Tyber's gentle sound,
Yet winding as the mazy river wound.
At morn he left his home, and paced along,
Companion'd only by a heart-felt song,
That sprung like incense to the gates of Heaven.
By the gay fever of his spirit driven,
He travelled swiftly onwards; but his sight
Was buried in deep thought: the enchantments bright
That lie amongst the clouds he noticed not,
And all the promise of the year forgot.
The golden fruitage from its grove of green
Looked out unheeded, and no longer seen
The sky-bird mounted toward the morning Sun,
And shrilly told aloft of day begun.

How he was wakened from that dreaming mood,
Alas, must now be known.—In the broad day
Marking the clear blue river roll away,
In squalid weeds a savage creature stood.
It is—it cannot be—Oh! Death and night!
Hath *he* come peering from his watery home,
Mocking and withering every human sight?
Hath dark Orsini still a power to roam?—
Dæmon or ghost or living thing he stands,
Staring with sullen eyes upon the sands,
As tho' he brooded o'er some wrong, or strove
To wreck on happier hearts the slights of love,
Like one escaped from toil, but fit for strife—
The last and lingering ill—the blight of life.

IV.

Colonna, sad Colonna—he hath fled
Wildly unto his home; there Julia lay
Upon her pillow slumbering, calm and gay
As sleep may be.—"The waves, the waves" he said,—
"The sick sea-waters yawn and yield their dead—

The dead? he is alive: Peril nor pain
Death nor the grave would keep him in its bed.
The black Orsini is returned,—again."
" Marcian," she utter'd faintly, and a gleam
Played 'round her mouth: it was a happy dream.
" Thou lovely thing whom nature made so fair,
Young treasure of creation—must despair
Sear thy transcendent beauty, because thou
Wrapped thy sweet arms about a maniac's brow?
Julia! she sleeps, she sleeps; a happy sleep.
Oh why did I draw her within the sweep—
I—of my fiery star? It comes. I see
The comet red, which Fate, mine enemy,
Hath placed about me like a circle sure;
I cannot fly, and yet, shall I endure?
Endure—I must, evil and hate—I must,
And Hell, until I wither into dust:
That may be soon.—She moves poor wench. My love!
Hearest thou I call upon thee? My pale dove?
Still on my bosom, still." She woke: his eye
Rolled round and round, like one in misery,

Fearful to speak: But silence is not dumb,
And in his deep eloquent agony
She read strange fearful things. He whispered "Come—
We must be gone—" ("Be gone? dear Marcian!")
"Aye, quickly, for alas, we have no home
Nor refuge here. On land Italian
We must not build our hearths, nor hope to dwell
In safety now, from youth to age—"tis well
Perhaps 'tis well," she said—"And wilt thou go
On a long journey with me,—far away?
I may not tell thee now; but a dire foe
Has risen upon me. Wilt thou wander—say?"
("All the world over I—") "Oh! thou hast said
Comfort unto my soul," he uttered.
"Whilst I may lay my head upon thy breast,
It matters not; my Heaven is there—my rest.
Let the red star shine on, for I am thine—
Thine while I am: In darkness and dismay,
Here, or in wildernesses far away,
In poverty forlorn, or love divine,
In prisons or in freedom—aye, in death."
—He ceased, and straightway he was calm: his breath

Was in a moment stilled: one gentle sigh
Came from pale Julia, but he trembled not,
For she was his—the rest was all forgot.
—That night they left the land of Italy.

V.

There was a tempest brooding in the air
Far in the west. Above, the skies were fair,
And the sun seemed to go in glory down:
One small black cloud (one only) like a crown,
Touched his descending disk and rested there.
Slow then it came along, to the great wind
Rebellious, and (although it blew and blew,)
It came increasing, and across the blue
Spread its dark shape, and left the sun behind
—The day-light sank, and the winds wailed about
The barque wherein the luckless couple lay,
And from the distant cloud came scattering out
Rivers of fire: it seemed as though the day
Had burst from out the billows, far away.
No pilot had they their small boat to steer

Aside from rocks, no sea-worn mariner
Who knew each creek and bay and sheltering steep,
And all the many dangers of the deep.
They fled for life, (for happiness is life,)
And met the tempest in his hour of strife,
Abroad upon the waters: they were driven
Against him by the angry winds of heaven:
And all around the clouds, the air, the sea
Rose from unnatural dead tranquillity,
And came to battle with their legions: Hail
Shot shattering down, and thunders roared aloud,
And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud
Unbound his arrowy pinions blue and pale,
And darted thro' the heavens: Below, the gale
Sang like a dirge, and the white billows lashed
The boat, and then like ravenous lions dashed
Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told
Of ghastly perils as they backward rolled.

VI.

The lovers, driven along from hour to hour,
Were helpless, hopeless, in the ocean's power.
—The storm continued, and no voice was heard,
Save that of some poor solitary bird,
Which sought a shelter on the quivering mast,
But soon borne off by the tremendous blast
Sank in the waters screaming. The great sea
Bared like a grave its bosom silently;
Then sank and panted like an angry thing,
With its own strength at war: The vessel flew
Towards the land, and then the billows grew
Larger and white, and roared as triumphing,
Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray
That shone like loose snow as it passed away.
—At first the dolphin and the porpoise dark
Came rolling by them, and the hungry shark
Followed the boat, patient and eager-eyed,
And the gray curlew slanting dipped her side
And the hoarse gull his wing within the foam;
But some had sank, the rest had hurried home.

And there pale Julia and her husband, clasped
Each in the other's arms, sate viewing Death:
She for his sake at times in terror gasped,
But he to cheer her kept his steady breath,
Talking of hope, and smiled like morning—There
They sate together in their sweet despair:
At times upon his breast she laid her head,
And he upon her silent beauty fed,
Hushing her fears—and 'tween her and the storm
Drew his embroidered cloak to keep her warm:
She thanked him with a look upturned to his,
The which he answered with a gentle kiss
Pressed and prolonged to pain. Her lip was cold;
And all her love and terror mutely told:—

VII.

O thou vast Ocean! Ever sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.

Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the East and in the West
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep and flowers sicken when the Summer flies.
—Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,

A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with Heaven.

Thou trackless and immeasureable Main!
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it: line nor lead
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who 'tis said
Can move the mighty ocean into storm—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
"Eternity, Eternity, and Power."

VIII.

And now—whither are gone the lovers now?
Colonna, wearest thou anguish on thy brow,
And is the valour of the moment gone?
Fair Julia, thou art smiling now alone:
The hero and the husband weeps at last—
Alas, alas! and lo! he stands aghast,
Bankrupt in every hope, and silently gasps
Like one who maddens. Hark! the timbers part
And the sea-billows come, and still he clasps
His pale pale beauty, closer to his heart,
The ship has struck. One kiss—the last—Love's own.
—They plunge into the waters and are gone.
The vessel sinks,—'tis vanished, and the sea
Rolls boiling o'er the wreck triumphantly,
And shrieks are heard and cries, and then short groans,
Which the waves stifle quick, and doubtful tones
Like the faint moanings of the wind pass by,
And horrid gurgling sounds rise up and die,
And noises like the choaking of man's breath—
— But why prolong the tale—it is of death.

IX.

—Years came and fled. To many Time was fraught
With joy—to some imperfect pleasures brought:
But to the Prince Colonna gray and old
A dull unchanging tale he ever told.
The children of his winter years were gone—
They lay, 'twas told, amongst the waters,—dead:
In the bright spirit of their youth they fled,
And left him, in his pallid age,—alone.
He wet the dust with bitter tears, and bowed
Before his idols, and vast treasures vowed
To saint or virgin from his coffers bright;
And often fiercely at the deep midnight
Would he do torture for his sin, and drank
Unto the very dregs the cup of pain.
With steel and stripe he wrought, until he sank
Beneath the bloody penance:—'twas in vain.
Remorse, Remorse—(a famished creature bred
From Sin, and feasting on its father dead,)
Sprang like a withering snake upon his heart.
It wrapped him in its fiery folds around:

It stung, and withered, but it had no sound;
And tho' he prayed and wept would not depart.

X.

The palace of his fathers, once so gay,
Was mossed and green and crumbling to decay:
The pillars yellowed in the marble halls,
And thro' the ruined casements the wild rains
Rushed with destroying wrath, and shapeless stains
Ran o'er, disfiguring, all the painted walls.
Few servants tended on their antient lord,
And mirthful revel, banished from his board,
Sought refuge with the humble. Song or sound
Echoed no more within the gallery's bound,
But in a lonely tower a lamp at times
Was seen, and startling thro' the silent air
Flew shrieks, as from a wretch whom many crimes
Had seared, and driven to life's last hold,—Despair.
—Friends passed, by one, and one, and one, away:
His foes grew glad; his brother's children gay
Cast dice for his domain, while bending low

Before the papal chair one whispered how
Report had gone abroad of some dark crime
Done by the old man in his early time,
And hinted of his vast possessions, which
Divided, might the holy church enrich,
And his contented heirs. The mitred king
Disdained to parley with so poor a thing;
Yet questioned the great prince, whose answers cold
Confirmed the story which the slanderer told.
And so he lived, (a perished shape,) like one
Lost in a lovely world—alone, alone.

XI.

And hath thy fiery planet then not set
Colonna?—When the winds and thunder met
In tumult, and around in many shapes
Death hovered with his dart, Fate turned aside
The arrows, laughing o'er the waters wide,
Till the sea trembled. Ah! but who escapes—
Who can escape from Fate? It frowned, and hung,
Darker than Death itself, the foreheads o'er

Of that sad pair, and when the billows flung
Their limbs in scorn upon the foamy shore,
Uprose the veering wind, and the next wave
Scarce touched the ringlet of Colonna's hair,
Which, streaming black upon the strand, lay there
The image of his fortunes—Dark and wild,
Neglected, torn,—with an unquiet grave
Open beside him, there Colonna smiled,
Or so it seemed, in death, but in his grasp
Still held the lost and lifeless Julia.
There, tempest-stricken—in each others clasp,
Beautiful on the sea-beat shore they lay:
Around her body were his arms enwove,
Her head upon his bosom, close as love.

XII.

They died not. Housed within a fisher's cot
Life dawned on them, and pain was soon forgot.
Time flew, and health returned and quietness,
And still i' the world they found enough to bless.
Colonna plied him in the fisher's trade;

And Julia watched his evening sail,—afraid
If but a crested wave was on the deep,
And if she heard the ocean billows sweep
Loudly along the shore, she looked on high,
And prophesied of storm and tempest nigh.
—One eve, returning home with shout and song,
The fishers plied their tossing boat along,
And Marcian at the helm the rudder guided,
And looked upon the waters, which divided
Beside the barque, seeming to rise and die,
Like short hours in a deep eternity.
He saw a menial standing on the strand,
Who, turning from a chart within his hand,
Looked round to note the place—Again—It was—
He saw—Orsini's slave—Alas, Alas!
Oh! Love, fair Love! is there no wilderness
For thee to hide thee in thy dark distress?
No haven and no hope, sweetest of all,
For thee to celebrate thy festival?
A sad short world is this, and yet thou hast
No home where thou may'st dream 'till life be past.
Tumult and strife and storm, and wild dismay,

Envy and hate,—and thus we pass away;
And trample on the flowers that deck our road,
And goad ourselves, if others do not goad.

XIII.

No more in that lone hamlet were they seen:
But the remembrance of what once had been,
(Their deep and sad affection) still survived
Their going. They had lived, and gently lived
Amongst the wild and sea-beat mariners:
His eye was clearing to a calm, and hers
Troubled, but still at times, and always soft,
And her sweet voice, (like music heard aloft
By tender hermitess in rocky cell,
Or in dreams of love, at night,
By young and hopeless anchorite,)
Was after many a year remembered well.

They fled into the mountains. Night and day,
By strange and lonely paths they sought their way:
Wild as a creature in the forests born,

That spring on Asian sands, Colonna grew,
And with his burthen on his bosom flew,
Supporting, watching her from night to morn.
At last the chesnut groves and woods of pines
Frowned on them from the gloomy Appenines,
And then Colonna felt his bride was safe.
He placed her near Laverna in a cave,
High, overgrown and haunted, yet his sport
Had been to slumber there in former days,
And, from its dizzy height, he had loved to court
The breeze which ever o'er the mountains plays.
—Clad in his fisher's weeds, and with a brow
Bronzed by his sea-ward life, Colonna now
Went fearless to the convent, and would toil
For the pale monks and till their rocky soil,
And gain their bounty, (garments coarse, and food,)
Which he would carry to his cavern rude,
And feed the dove that lay within his nest,
And hush her every evening to her rest.

XIV.

At last she learned the tale—'Orsini—How!—
'Given up and banished from his grave, below—
'Orsini, dark Orsini!'—On her soul
The hollow words came like a thunder roll
Sounding at distance over hill and vale:
And Marcian marked her and his cheek grew pale,
And his hand trembled as he soothed her then,
And thro' his brain a terror flew again.
—Now paused he in his toil, and daily walk,
And in the gloom would often idly talk
Of poison and of blood, and tears would stream
In rivers down his cheeks when he did dream:
Sometimes in bitter spleen his tongue would chide,
And then, in anguish that he could not hide,
He wept and prayed her not to leave him there,
A lone man, in his madness—in despair.
And then he told her of his wretched youth,
And how upon her love and gentle truth
His life had rested;—yet, she did not speak,
Save in the pallid hues that sunk her cheek,

And in her heaving breast, and rayless eye,
Which spoke of some fixed grief that would not fly.

" And will she leave me then, who loved her so—
(So utterly, beyond the love of men,)
And pass into a wretch's arms again,
From mine so true—from mine? she shall not—Oh!
Yet wherefore should I stay her, if her love
Be gone, indeed"—and then at times he strove
To think that he might live and she afar,
The beauty of his life, the hope, the star.
Oh! melancholy thought, and vain, and brief:
He felt that like the Autumn's perished leaf,
His frame would wither, and from its great height
His mind must sink, and lose itself, in night.

No talk was pleasant now; no image fair;
No freshness and no fragrance filled the air;
No music in the winds nor in the sound
The wild birds uttered from the forests round:
The sun had lost its light, and drearily
The morning stole upon his altered eye;

And night with all her starry eyes grew dim,
For *she* was changed,—and nought was true to him.

XV.

From pain—at length, from pain, (for could he bear
The sorrow burning wild without a tear?)
He rushed beside her: Towards him gloomily
She looked, and then he gasped—"We—list to me—
We—we must part,—must part: is it not so?"
She hung her head and murmured "Woe, oh! woe,
That it must be so—nay, Colonna—nay,
Hearken unto me: little can I say,
But sin—(is it not sin?) doth wear my heart
Away to death. Alas! and must we part,
We who have loved so long and truly?—yes;
Were we not born, (we were,) for wretchedness.
Oh! Marcian, Marcian, I must go: my road
Leads to a distant home, a calm abode,
There I may pine my few sad years away,
And die, and make my peace ere I decay—"

She spoke no more, for now she saw his soul
Rising in tumult, and his eyeballs roll
Wildly and fiery red, and thro' his cheek
Deep crimson shot: he sighed but did not speak.
Keeping a horrid silence there he sate,
A maniac, full of love, and death, and fate.
Again—the star that once his eye shone o'er
Flash'd forth again more fiercely than before:
And thro' his veins the current fever flew
Like lightning, withering all it trembled through
He clenched his hands and rushed away, away,
And looked and laughed upon the opening day,
And mocked the morn with shouts, and wandered wild
For hours, as by some meteor thing beguiled.
He wandered thro' the forests, sad and lone,
His heart all fiery and his senses gone;
Till, at the last, (for nature sank at last,)
The tempest of the fever fell and past,
And he lay down upon the rocks to sleep,
And shrunk into a troubled slumber, deep.
Long was that sleep—long—very long, and strange,

And frenzy suffered then a silent change,
And his heart hardened as the fire withdrew,
Like furnaced iron beneath the winter's dew.

XVI.

He gained—he gained (why droops my story?)
then,
An opiate deadly from the convent men,
And bore it to his cave: she drank that draught
Of death, and he looked on in scorn, and laughed
With an exulting, terrible joy, when she
Lay down in tears to slumber, silently.
—She had no after sleep; but ere she slept
Strong spasms and pains throughout her body crept,
And round her brain, and tow'rds her heart, until
They touched that seat of love,—and all was still.
Away he wandered for some lengthened hour
When the black poison shewed its fiercest power,
And when he sought the cavern, there she lay,
The young, the gentle,—dying fast away.

He sate and watched her, as a nurse might do,
And saw the dull film steal across the blue,
And saw, and felt her sweet forgiving smile,
That, as she died, parted her lips the while.
Her hand?—its pulse was silent—her voice gone,
But patience in her smile still faintly shone,
And in her closing eyes a tenderness,
That seemed as she would fain Colonna bless.

She died, and spoke no word; and still he sate
Beside her like an image. Death and Fate
Had done what might be then: The morning sun
Rose upon him: on him?—his task was done.
The murderer and the murdered—one as pale
As marble shining white beneath the moon,
The other dark as storms, when the winds rail
At the chafed sea,—but not to calm so soon—
No bitterness, nor hate, nor dread was there;
But love still clinging round a wild despair,
A wintry aspect, and a troubled eye,
Mourning o'er youth and beauty, born to die.

Dead was she, and her mouth had fallen low,
But still he watched her with a stedfast brow:
Unaltered as a rock he sate, while she
Lay changed to clay, and perish'd. Drearily
Came all the hues of death across her face:
That look, so lovely once, had lost its grace;
The eye its light, the cheek its colour, now.
—Oh! human beauty, what a dream art thou,
That we should cast our life and hopes away,
On thee—and dost thou like a leaf decay,
In Spring-tide as in Autumn?—Fair and frail,
In bud or blossom, if a blight prevail,
How ready art thou from the world to fly;
And we who love thee so are left—to die.

XVII.

Fairest of all the world, thy tale is told:
Thy name is written in a record old,
And I from out the legend now rehearse,
Thy story, shaping it to softer verse.
And thou, the lost Colonna,—thou, whose brain
Was fever-struck with love and jealous pain,

A wanderer wast thou lonely thro' the earth?
Or didst thou tread, clad in thy pride of birth,
With high patrician step the streets of Rome?
I know not; no one knew. A heavy gloom,
Wrapped thy last fortunes, luckless Marcian!
—Some told in after times that he was found,
Dying within the Inquisition's bound;
Some said that he did roam, a wretched man,
In pilgrimage along the Arabian sands,
And some that he did dwell in the far lands
Of vast America, with savage men,
The chase his pastime, and his home a den.

What object is there now to know? what gain?
He passed away, and never came again.
He left his home, his friends, his titles, all,
To stand, or live, or perish in their pride,
And, seeking out some unknown country,—died.
He died, and left no vain memorial
Of him or of his deeds, for scorn or praise;
No record for the proud Colonna race
To blot or blazon, cherish or compare,
His fate is lost: his name (like others)—air.

XVIII.

My tale hath reached its end: yet still there dwells
A superstition in those piny dells,
Near to Laverna. Forms 'tis said, are seen
Beside the cave where once Colonna lay,
And shadows linger there at close of day,
And dusky shapes amongst the forests green
Pass off like vapours at the break of morn;
And sometimes a faint figure, (with a star
Crowning her forehead,) has been seen afar,
To haunt the cliff and hang her head forlorn:
And peasants still at the approach of night,
Even at distance, shun that starry light,
And dread "The Lady of the Mountains" when
She rises radiant from her haunted glen.
The convent? still it stands: its pile is strong,
And well it echoes back the tempest's song;
And still the cave is there; but they, alone
Who made it famous,—they are passed and gone.

THE END.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

Many of the facts stated or referred to in this Sketch, may be found in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. On the night before the Emperor Julian fought his last battle, he had the dream which I have detailed in the first Scene of this Sketch; and it is recorded that on the night of his death he addressed his soldiers, distributed rewards amongst them, and conversed with the sophists around him, respecting the immortality of the Soul. The names of Anatolius, Nevitta, &c. are taken from history.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

SCENE I. *The Tent of the Emperor Julian. Night—near day-break.*

(JULIAN—*alone.*)

To-morrow?—aye, to-morrow. The bright Sun
Of my life will set in blood. Dark, heavy clouds
Are rolling round about me, yet my eye
Can reach into the dim eternity,
And in its bosom is—my grave. Oh! then,
Valour and War, farewell! Soldiers and friends,
Who in tempest of the battle, once,
With your loves girded me like triple steel,
I must be gone. Morning and Night farewell!
And all the beauty of this visible world;
And thou, fair Air! who music art and perfume,
Colour and light, and in thy silent arms
Now nursest with cold dews the sleeping flower,

And bidd'st the fever'd heart forget its pain,
Shall I behold thee never again?—Never!
A dull, protracting, melancholy word,
That, in an alien language, talks despair.
'Never!'—then Hope is gone and time departed;
And Happiness that flies and then returns,
Making its presence precious—all are gone.
—Is there no armour of the soul wherein
I may array my thoughts and vanquish Death?
It may not be:—my hour is come—is come:
And I must tread upon that shadowy strand
A shadow, a pale solitary thing,
For ages and for ages, and there be
A Spirit, filled with human thoughts and pains,
Languishing for some remote Elysium.
Great Mars, look down upon me: Am I not
Thy son adopted? oh! my patron Mars,
My father, and my god, I perish here
For want of succour. Fate and Death, at hand,
Wait smiling for the dust of Julian;
And the grave opens, with a sickly smile,
Its hollow home, inviting me to rest.

Away—this must not be. Imperial Rome
Leans on my sword.—Who goes?

[ANATOLIUS *enters.*]

Anat. My emperor!
You are——

Julian. 'Tis nothing—nothing. I am well.
Come hither, Anatolius: sit by me.
Tomorrow I—pshaw! that's for after thought.
Tomorrow we must give the Persians battle.
What say you, Sir? Is your heart firm, or have
These Syrian suns withered your spirit up?

Anat. It is the same as ever.

Julian. My good soldier.

Anat. Let us but once meet Sapor face to face:
We fly now. Oh! that we should fly from slaves,
Whom we have fought and beat day after day,
'Till we were faint with conquest——

Julian. Forget this.
'Tis true, indeed, we take less time for breathing,
Now that we march for Rome, than when we came
Intent to see the Persian on his throne:
And in our trumpets now the wailing notes

Sound lingering and prolonged. Well! 'twas not so
When we did visit Antioch—no, by Mars,
Nor when we rode thro' Anatho, or pushed
Our battering engines thro' the gates of Anbar.
Those were good times—great times.

Anat. Aye, when we shook
Down to the dust their sixteen towers of brick
At Maogamalcha, and did mine our way
Beneath the dark foundations of its walls,
The Persian did not smile: there was no time—
And yet, (before,) do you remember how
They laughed upon us from their ramparts, and
Sung out with lusty lungs triumphant songs
About the glory of Sapor, (then he hid
His head in Ctesiphon,) and—but you droop,
My noble king!—

Julian. Good Anatolius, you
Have been my friend and fellow soldier long;
From my youth upwards. We have fought together
In Germany and Gaul, and on the banks
Of the black Danube, when its waters lay
'Tween us and Hope.

Anat. Like a dark rolling Hell.
Oh! I remember it.
Julian. My spirit never
Quail'd in those times of peril, yet—
Anat. My lord?
Julian. Nor doth it now: but there is on my soul
A solemn foreboding that to-morrow's light—
—To day's—for even now the clouds begin
To break about the east, and dawn is here
Before the stars have left us: Be it so.
My fate comes onward with a hurrying step:
I'll meet it as becomes me.—My old friend,
Bear with me, and believe no idle fears
Shake me at this great hour. Thou shalt never
Blush to behold thine old companion die,
Who once fought well beside thee.
Anat. Oh! you hurt me.
By the great Jove you tear my heart away.
Why will you do it?
Julian. My dear soldier, this
Is the last day of Julian. Mourn it not.
Early I die, but in my life I have

Seen many things that age but seldom looks on,
Pleasure and power and peril. I have made
Myself a name, and carried the Roman arms
Nobly amongst the nations. I shall be
Known to far ages as a man who bowed
Before his ancient Gods, and left a path
In which he *thought* he erred, for one more bright.
Nor, when posterity shall speak of me,
Will it forget to say that I—(I hope not)
Was Anatolius' friend.

Anat. I cannot stay.
I shall be angry with you—Oh! is it thus
You tune my ear for battle. I shall not fight
As I was wont: I know it. Farewell now;
We'll talk of this to-morrow.

Julian. Oh! to-day
I must say something, Anatolius;
And you must listen, for 'twill ease my soul.
Fear not for me to-day. You'll see my sword
As busy as ever at its bloody work,
And, in the van, my plume. I have a leaf
From the green crown of Victory. You shall see
How soon we'll tame the Persian spirits down.

Anat. Aye, now you speak like Julian. Oh! we'll beat
These brown barbarians to their silken tents,
As we were wont. Let's talk of better times,
(If we must talk)—of the old Roman times,
When our rich veins fed Conquest with their blood,
And fear was stifled in our hearts. Away—
We'll fight as bravely as great Julius did,
And feast to-day with Sapor.

Julian. You shall do it.
And now but listen to me.—I have had
A solemn dream. Methought there did appear
The Genius of my country by my couch:
He held the horn of plenty in his hand,
And, covering it with a veil funereal,
Shrouded his head in darkness: Slowly then
Without a word—one word, he floated out,
And left me in my tent, alone.

Anat. Go on,
Go on.

Julian. I 'woke and started from my bed,
But there was nothing,—nought: So, I went forth,

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(Then wide awake) to look upon the sky ;
For I have studied deeply the high art
Of Divination, and can read the stars—

Anat. You jest?

Julian. No; by my father's spirit. Until now
You never heard me tell of this: but, once—
'Tis long ago—at Athens—(ere I dreamt
Of Rome or of the purple,) I was wont
To commune with her gray philosophers;
And they did bare the secrets of the grave,
And shew'd unto mine eyes Cadmean scrolls,
Torn from the tombs of Egypt. I became
An Eleusinian, and partook those rites
Mysterious and sublime, which no man knows
Save only the elect. I have listened to
The famous oracles; and, once a day,
Have heard at Thebes the lonely marble voice
Speak out unto Apollo. I have learned
Magic, and things which since the birth of time,
Have all been hidden from inferior minds,
Which better thrive in darkness than in light.

Anat. And now—

Julian. And now, I can divine my fate.
Last night I saw my tutelary star
('Tis Mars) rolling in the blue firmament,
Usurping all one quarter of the sky;
At last he seemed to shake, and left his orb,
Streaming athwart the heavens. Methought he went
To meet the morn and died. By Serapis!
I saw him vanish in the east.

Anat. Away;
And what of this? 'tis nothing.

Julian. I am now
Deserted by my planetary God.
Ah!—the sun comes: then I must haste to speak.
—You must remember when Constantius died;
He left a widow.

Anat. And a child.

Julian. 'Twas so.
Eusebia was—ev'n while Constantius' wife,
Gracious to me. In boyhood, when I was
Once in great danger, she did plead my cause,
(You know how eloquent she was,) and saved me;
And ever after, thro' my checquer'd life,

She stood my friend. Beneath her warming smile
My fortunes flourished, and I grew to power,
Who else perhaps had lived not.

Anat. That was noble.

I did not know what cause you had to love her.

Julian. She loved me; more perhaps than might become
The emperor's wife; (for when I wedded Helena
She was estranged awhile, and saw me not;)
But my wife died, and then Constantius fell,
Hated by all. Somewhat indeed of hate
(Unjustly) clings upon his widow still.
When I have perished, Anatolius, thou
Wilt be Eusebia's friend?

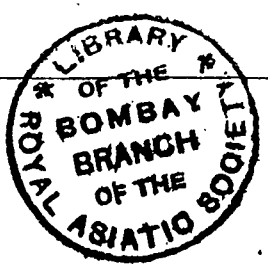
Anat. I will, I will.
But you will live.

Julian. But should I die, my soldier,
(I must) do thou be poor Eusebia's friend.
Bid her retire to Athens. She will there
Be safe, and (for I know her,) glad to shun
The imperial splendor. Well! what say you, friend?

Julian to Anatolius speaks his last.

Anat. I swear by all—by these hot shameful tears:
But—but I too may fall.

Julian. Look on this pacquet.
Bear it about thee, and lest any harm
(The Gods keep harm from thee) hinder thee from
Befriending the poor queen, tell to Nevitta,
Before the battle, this his general's wish.
He will do all, I think, (but not as thou,)
Eusebia's gloomier fortunes ask. Tell him
To look upon my arm when I am dead,
And he'll see there a scar I got in Gaul.
It saved his life once: bid him think on that,
And be my friend for ever.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SCENE II. *Julian's Tent.—Evening.*

JULIAN (*on his couch, wounded;*) PRISCUS, MAXIMUS.

Max. You 're easier now?

Julian. Much easier: many thanks.
—And so you think, good Priscus, that the Soul
Doth of necessity quit this feeble clay,
When the poor breath departs—that 'tis not hung
On muscle or nerve, or buried in the blood,
As some will teach. For my part, I believe
That there is good and evil, and for each
Due punishment and reward. Shall we not meet
Our friends hereafter, think you, Maximus?

Max. I hope so, my dear Lord.

Julian. What think you, Sir?

Priscus. I must believe it. There is in the world
Nothing to fill up the wide heart of man;
He languishes for something past the grave;
He hopes—and Hope was never vainly given.

Max. Hope treads but shadowy ground, at best.

Priscus. It is——

Max. A guess.

Julian. And yet, Priscus is right, I think:
And Hope has in the soul obscure allies—
Remorse, for evil acts; the dread of death;
Anticipative joy, (tho' that, indeed,
Is Hope, more certain;) and as, Priscus says,
That inward languishment of mind, which dreams
Of some remote and high accomplishment,
And pictures to our fancies perfect sights,
Sounds and delights celestial;—and, above all,
That feeling of a limitary power,
Which strikes and circumscribes the soul, and speaks
Dimly, but with a voice potential, of
Wonders beyond the world, etherial,
Starry, and pure, and sweet, and never ending.
I cannot think that the great Mind of man,
With its accumulated wisdoms too,
Must perish; why, the words he utters live;
And is the Spirit which gives birth to things
Below its own creations?—Who is there?

[*An Officer enters.*]

Off. My Lord, the commander Nevitta asks
An audience.

Julian. Bid him come. I have not seen
Our friend (how is it?) Anatolius here.

[NEVITTA *enters.*]

Your hand, my good Nevitta: Well! you see
We beat the Persian bravely to his camp;
You'll tell 'em yet, at home, how well they ride
In Syria, when we spur their horses on.
Indeed—but where is Anatolius?—Gods!
Come near Nevitta.

Nevit. He hath given to me—

Julian. Then he is dead. Great Minos! judge him kindly.
He was the bravest soldier.

Nevit. He is gone
Before us, my dear Lord. He had a task,
Which I have sworn to do.

Julian. Friend! many thanks.
I'll look for thee hereafter, as for one
Who did me noble service. Maximus,
We've lost——

Max. Who?

Julian. Anatolius—an old friend;
Our fellow soldier; nay, he was to me,
A tutor in the art of war. In youth,
I fought beneath him; after as his fellow;
And last his king. He had great courage, Sirs;
I saw him strike a bounding lion once,
When taller men fled trembling. He fought well
At Anatho, and Anbar, and in Gaul,
And Germany, and Maogamalcha, when
We washed ourselves in blood. Old Sapor now
May sun him boldly on his parched plains.
Yet, pardon, good Nevitta: thou art brave,
As warrior may be—oh! and many others.
Let it be Anatolius' perfect praise
To say he well became his titles,—well;
And died like a Roman soldier.

Nevit. I rejoice
To see you better, noble Lord.

Julian. I am.
The pains are gone, Nevitta, and I pass
Pleasantly on: the road leads to the skies,

And mine's a summer's journey.—Who are they
That wait without? methought I heard a sound
Like murmurs: I would fain depart at least
With my friends smiles around. Oh! let me have
No wailing voices to disturb my sleep;
No ghosts of injured men to come and shriek
Perdition in my ears, and bar me from
Golden eternity.

Nevit. Your soldiers ask
To see once more their Emperor.

Max. They cannot.

Julian. Bid them come in—I thank you Maximus
For your kind care, but it will soothe my heart
To look upon my soldiers once again.
There's little time to spare, and I would fain
Say a few words at parting.

[NEVITTA *calls the Soldiers in.*]

Max. They are here.

Julian. Welcome my friends. Ah! raise me higher: thanks.
Give me a moment for recovery. (*a pause.*)

—*Friends,
And fellow soldiers, the good season of
My death is now at hand, and I discharge
(As doth a ready debtor) every claim
Great nature makes; for I have long been taught
By lessons of divine philosophy
How much the soul is better than the clay
That holds it, and that man should more rejoice
Than grieve, when separates the nobler part;
And from religion I have learned that death
Early is proof the Gods do love us well.
I have sought ever your happiness: firm peace
Was my first aim, but when my country's voice
Did summon me to arms, I bared my heart
To war and all its dangers, knowing (for
I could divine my fate) that I must die
In battle.—Now unto great Jove I offer
My thanks for that he hath saved me from disease,
False friends and the darts of foul conspirators.
He gave me a career of glory, and now

* These are nearly the words of Julian.

An honourable end: thus much I've tried
To say; but my strength fails me, and I feel
Death is at hand. Chuse for yourselves, my friends,
Another emperor now: the one who sheds
His blessing on ye, is about to pass
Unto the stars.

Sold. Alas, Alas!

Julian. Weep not.
Oh! my good Soldiers, weep not. You have been
All that your king has ever wished—till now.
Oh! you unman me: let us say farewell
Before we stain our cheeks with too much tears.
Yet—I've a few bequests. I love ye all
Alike; but there are some (a few) to whom
The chances of the war have made me debtor.
Marcus!

Sold. My Lord.

Julian. Come hither, my good Marcus.
—Now, by the God of battle, I shall weep,
And shame my death at once, if thus you play
The girl before me. Will you then betray
Your emperor, now so many eyes look on?

Sold. Oh! my dear Master.

Julian. Marcus, you have laid
A weight of gratitude upon my soul,
Which it can ne'er shake off: yet be content
Old Marcus, that I now, in this great hour,
Proclaim thee my good servant.—Look! this chain
Hath hung about me like an amulet,
For many seasons. Wear it near thy heart,
As the last gift of Julian. So, farewell.
Fabricius you have done your part to-day,
(And thro' the Persian war,) like a true soldier.
Live henceforth a centurion. Here is gold
For thee, and never in the after times
Forget to interpose thy shield between
A hot barbarian and thy living King:
So hast thou done to-day. Before ye all
I speak this of Fabricius: love him for it.
Farewell, centurion. Now, come hither, youth.
What is your name?

Sold. 'Tis—Julian, my great Lord.

Julian. So then; my namesake. I am proud of you.
Soldiers and friends, be sure, when I am gone,

You shelter this young blossom of the war,
Altho' he looks like Hylas, he can lift
A spear like Mars. To-day I saw him strike
A Persian to the ground, of twice his years;
A giant fellow, who perhaps had else
Trampled me down (for I was bleeding fast,)
And sav'd me so much talking—Ah!—

Priscus. You're pale.
Come, bid the men farewell. Nay—

Julian. I believe
It must indeed be so. Farewell, my Friends,
(All friends and noble soldiers,) fare ye well.
May the Gods smile on ye, and victory
Sit on your swords for ever. So, farewell.

[SOLDIERS *go out.*]

Priscus and Maximus, is it not strange
That I who but last evening (nay, by Mars,
This very morn) was checked for my sad talk,
By Anatolius, in a few short hours
Should, in my turn, stifle the words of grief
In others?

Max. So it is. The mind is full

Of curious changes that perplex itself.
Just like the visible world; and the heart ebbs
Like the great sea; first flows, and then retires,
And on the passions doth the spirit ride,
Thro' sunshine and in rain, from good to ill,
Then to deep vice, and so on back to virtue;
Till in the grave, that universal calm,
We sleep the sleep eternal.

Julian. You have not
The wish to live hereafter, Maximus;
Or you would feel how poor to the Soul's eye
Are there our earthly joys. | If Death were sleep,
Why should we dread to sleep, who often court
A noon-day's slumber, and who bless the power
That gently on our eyelids lays his touch,
In times of fever, tumult, grief, or pain? |
Oh! is it thus that ye would bid me think,
Now I am going from ye?—Mighty Jove!
I do beseech thee, and thou, valiant Mars,
My guardian God, look from your burning thrones
Upon the fainting soul of Julian.
Have I not lov'd and worshipped ye, and turned

From other altars to bow down to yours,
And will ye now desert me? I do ask
Now as I die, a word (I ask but one
For all that I have done) to tell the world
My faith was good. I ask ye—shall the grave
Clip up for ever in its chilling arms—
And are the stories of hereafter, fables?
Are there not pleasures and consuming pains,
Endless or limited, for good and ill—
And dreams—enchantments for the eye and ear
Of all who earn the rare Elysium?
And haunted Styx, where disembodied shapes
Wander; and Tartarus, that profounder gloom,
Filled up with wretches who were their own slaves;—
And Fate, and dark Alecto and her train,
And Death, and Rhadamanthus, mighty judge,
And the most drear dominion of the dead——
O speak! a word, a glance, a gleam, to shew me
The world to come.—They sleep, or answer not.
And yet will they move from their mighty rest,
To hearken to my frail petitioning?
I cannot hope it. Priscus, Maximus—

Farewell; I faint; My tongue is withered up.
It clings against my mouth. Some air—air. Ah!
This is death, Priscus. Oh! How like a child
A Soldier sinks before him. Jove!—— (*dies.*)

Max. He faints.

Priscus. He does indeed, for ever: his last breath
Is mingled with the winds.

AMELIA WENTWORTH.

AMELIA WENTWORTH.

SCENE I. *A Room.*

WENTWORTH, AMELIA.

Amel. You have determined then on sending Charles
To India?

Went. Yes.

Amel. Poor boy! he looks so sad and pale,
He'll never live there. 'Tis a cruel lot
At best, to leave the land that gave us birth,
And sheltered us for many a pleasant year;
The friends that loved us and the spots we loved,
For such a distant country. He will die.
Remember,—'tis Amelia's prophecy.
Oh! do not be so harsh to the poor youth.
Do not desert your better nature. Nay—
You will not send him, Wentworth?

Went. He will sail
In twenty days.

Amel. How can you be so cruel:
He shall not go.

Went. Madam, you interest
Yourself too much, methinks, for this young man.
His doom is settled; that be sure of.

Amel. Sir!

Went. I say your tenderness, your—folly for
This boy becomes you not.

Amel. Away, away.

Went. Madam, while you are Godfrey Wentworth's wife,
These tender—friendships must be laid aside.
Oh! you can smile. By——

Amel. Mr. Wentworth, you
(I must believe it) jest: you jest with me.

Went. Go on, go on: you think me quite a fool.
Woman, my eyes are open; wide awake,
To you, and all my infamy. By heaven,
I will not be a bye word and a mock
In all the mouths of men, for any——Pshaw!
I still respect your ears, you see; I——

Amel. You
Insult me, Sir.

Went. Forgive me: I indeed
Am somewhat of a prude; you'll scorn me for it.
I still think women modest—in the mass.
Amel. Sir—Mr. Wentworth—you have used me ill.
Yourself you have used ill. You have forgot
All—what is due to me—What to your wife.
You have forgot—forgot—can *I* forget
All that I sacrificed for you?—my youth,
My home, my heart—(You know—you knew it then)
In sad obedience to my father's word?
You promised to that father (how you kept
That promise, now remember) you would save
His age from poverty: he had been bred
In splendour, and he could not bow him down,
Like men who never felt the warmth of fortune.
He gave me up, a victim; and I saw
Myself (ah! how I shuddered) borne away
By you, the Evil Angel of my life,
To a portentous splendour. I became
A pining bride, a wretch,—a slave to all
Your host of passions; but I swore (may God
Forgive me!) to love you—you, when I loved

Another, and you knew it: Yes, you knew
My heart was given away, and yet you wed me.
Leave me! Sir.

Went. Have you done? Woman, do you think
This mummery is to work me from my purpose—
My settled will. Mistress, I leave you now:
But this remember, that your minion—Oh!
I do not heed your frowning—your boy-love
Will visit India shortly or, it may be
(You are his guide) a prison here, in England.
Farewell.

Amel. Yet stay—a word more ere we quit.
I do beseech you (tho' my wrongs are great,
And my proud spirit ill can stoop to this,)
You take your malediction from this youth.
He is as innocent—I *think* he's innocent
Of the least ill toward you. For me, I am
Too innocent to sue; yet let me say,
Since the sad hour I wed you, I have been
As faithful to our cold communion,
As tho' my heart had from the first been yours,
Or you been generous after. Once more, Sir,

I would implore you—for your comfort—for
Your honour, and my name, to spare this boy.
In the calm tone of one who has not erred
I do require this of you.
Went. You but steel
My heart against him. Woman, is your pleading
Always as warm as now? By earth and heaven,
Had I but wavered in his destiny,
This would have fixed me. Seek your chamber now,
And in your meditations think how well
Your name may sound (my name!) held up to scorn.
It may be worth your care. Thus long I've hid
My wrath, and let you wander at your will.
You have grown bold in guilt; be prudent now:
Save a fair name, or I must tell the world
How ill you keep your secrets. [*Exit* WENT.
Amel. He is gone.
And I am here—oh! such a weary wretch.
Oh! Father, Father, what a heart had you
To cast me on the wide and bitter world,
With such a friend as this. I would have toiled
From the pale morning 'till the dusk of night,

And lived as poorly, and smiled cheerfully,
Keeping out sorrow from our cottage home.
And there was one who would have loved you too,
And aided with his all our wreck of fortune.
You would not hear him;—and,—and did *I* hear
His passionate petitioning, and see
His scalding tears, and fling myself away
Upon a wintry bosom, that held years
Doubling my own. What matters it?—'tis past.
I will be still myself: who's there?

[CHARLES *enters.*]

Ch. 'Tis I.
You are in tears?

Amel. Away. Draw down the blinds;
The summer evenings now come warmly on us.
Go, pluck me yonder flower.

Ch. This Rose—mean you?
It fills the room with perfume: 'tis as red,
And rich, and almost too, as beautiful,
As——

Amel. As Aurora's blushes, or my own.
I see you want a simile.

Ch. You are gay.
Too gay for earnest talk. Who has been here?
Amel. No one; I will not tell; I've made a vow,
And will not break it, 'till—until I'm pressed.
Ch. Then let me press you.
Amel. Silly boy, away,
Go gather me more flowers, violets.
Ch. Here let me place them in your hair.
Amel. No, no.
The violet is for poets: they are yours.
O rare! I like to see you bosom them.
Had they been golden, such as poets earned,
You might have treasured them.
Ch. They are far more
To me,—for they were yours, Amelia.
Amel. Give me the rose.
Ch. But where shall it be placed?
Amel. Why in my hand—my hair. Look! how it blushes,
To see us both so idle. Give it me.
Where? where do ladies hide their favourite flowers,
But in their bosoms, foolish youth. Away—

'Tis I must do it. Pshaw! how sad you look,
And how you tremble.

Ch. Dear Amelia.

Amel. Call me your mother, Charles.

Ch. My Guardian——

Amel. Ah! name him not to me. Charles, I have been
Jesting awhile; but my dark husband's frown
Comes like a cloud upon me. You must go
Far, my dear Charles, from the one friend who loves you:
To Hindostan.

Ch. I know it.

Amel. For myself,
I shall think of you often, my dear Charles.
Think of me sometimes. When your trumpet sounds,
You'll recollect the coward you knew once,
Over the seas in England?

Ch. Spare my heart.

Amel. I do not think you have a heart: 'tis buried.

Ch. Amelia, Oh! Amelia, will you never
Know the poor heart that breaks and bursts for you?

Oh! do not take it ill; but now believe
How fond, and true, and faithful——
Amel. Is this jest?
You act well, Sir; or—but if it be true,
Then what am I?
Ch. Oh! by these burning tears;
By all my haunted days and wakeful nights,
Oh! by yourself I swear, dearest of all,
I love—love you, my own Amelia!
Once I *will* call you so. Do—do not scorn me,
And blight my youth—I do not ask for love;
I dare not. Trample not upon my heart,
My untouched heart—I gave it all to you,
Without a spot of care or sorrow on it.
My spirit became yours—I worshipped you,
And for your sake in silence. Say but once
You hate me not, for this—Speak, speak!
Amel. Alas!
Ch. Weep not for me, my gentle love. You said
Your husband threatened you. Come, then, to me;
I have a shelter and a heart for you,
Where, ever and for ever you shall reign.

Amelia, dear Amelia! speak a word
Of kindness and consenting to me—Speak!
If but a word, or tho' it be not kindness:
Speak hope, doubt, fear,—but not despair; Or say
That some day you *may* love, or that if ever
Your cruel husband dies, you'll think of me;
Or that you wish me happy,—or that perhaps
Your heart—nay speak to me, Amelia.

Amel. Is then your love so deep?

Ch. So deep? It is
Twined with my life: it *is* my life—my food—
The natural element wherein I breathe—
My madness—my heart's madness—it is all
—Oh! what a picture have I raised upon
My sandy wishes. I have thought at times
That you and I in some far distant country
Might live together, blessing and beloved;
And I have shaped such plans of happiness,
For us and all around us, (you indeed
Ever the sweet superior spirit there,)
That were you always—Fair Amelia,
You listen with a melancholy smile?

Amel. Let me hear all: 'tis fit I should hear all.
Alas, Alas!

Ch. Weep not for me, my love.
I—I am nought: not worth a single tear:
I will depart—or may I kiss away
Those drops of rain? Well, well, I will not pain you.
And yet—Oh! what a paradise is love:
Secure, requited love. I will not go:
Or we will go together. There are haunts
For young and happy spirits: You and I
Will thither fly, and dwell beside some stream
That runs in music 'neath the Indian suns,
Aye, some sweet island still shall be our home,
Where fruits and flowers are born thro' all the year,
And Summer, Autumn, Spring, are ever young,
Where Winter comes not, and where nought abides
But Nature in her beauty revelling.
You shall be happy, sweet Amelia,
At last; and I—it is too much to think of.
Forgive me while I look upon thee now,
And swear to thee by Love, and Night, and all
The gliding hours of soft and starry Night,

How much—how absolutely I am thine.
My pale and gentle beauty—what a heart
Had he to wrong thee, or upbraid thee! He
Was guilty—nay, nay: look not so.
Amel. I have
Been guilty of a cruel act toward you.
Charles, I indeed am guilty. When to-day
My husband menaced me, and told me of
Public and broad disgrace, it met my scorn:
But have I, my poor youth, been so unkind
To you, as not to see this—love before?
Charles, I have driven you from your early home:
I see it now: I only—hate me for it.
Ch. I'll love you, like bright heaven. The fixed stars
Shall never be so constant. I am all
Your own. Not sin, nor sorrow, nor the grave,
Not the cold, hollow grave shall chill my love:
It will survive beyond the bounds of death,
The spirit of the shadow which may there
Perhaps do penance for my deeds of ill.
Amel. Stay this wild talk.

Ch. Men have been known to love
Thro' years of absence, aye, in pain and peril,
And one did cast life and a world away,
For a loose woman's smile: nay, Love has dwelt,
A sweet inhabitant, in a dæmon's breast,
Lonely, amidst bad passions; burning there,
Like a most holy and sepulchral light,
And almost hallowing its dark tenement.
Why may not I——

Amel. I thought I heard a step.
How strangely you speak now—again, again.
Leave me; quick, leave me.

Ch. 'Tis your tyrant coming:
Fly rather you.

Amel. If you have pity, go.

Ch. Farewell then: yet, should he repulse you—

Amel. Then
I will—but go: you torture me.

Ch. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Amel. Farewell, farewell, poor youth; so desolate
That even I can spare a tear for you.
—My husband comes not: I will meet him, then,

Armed in my innocence and wrongs. Alas!
'Tis hard to suffer where we ought to judge,
And pray to those who should petition us.
'Tis a brave world, I see. Power and wrong
Go hand in hand resistless and abhorred,
And patient virtue and pale modesty,
Like the sad flowers of the too early spring,
Are cropped before they blossom—or trod down,
Or by the fierce winds withered. Is it so?—
But *I* have flaunted in the Sun, and cast
My smiles in prodigality away:
And now, and now—no matter. I have done.
Whether I live scorned or beloved—Beloved!
Better be hated, could my pride abate,
And I consent to fly. It may be thus.

SCENE II. *A Chamber. Night.*

A considerable period of time is supposed to have elapsed between this and the preceding Scene.

AMELIA, MARIAN.

Mar. Are you awake, dear lady?

Amel. Wide awake.

There are the stars abroad, I see.—I feel
As tho' I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?

Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.

Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the Heavens have influence on the mind
Thro' life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of Heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?

Mar. Oh! yes: but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk

Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.

Amel. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look! above: the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had Hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing. 'They said his eye'—
No, that's not it: the words are hard to hit.
'His eye like the mid-day sun was bright—'

Mar. 'Tis so.
You've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.

Amel. I hearken. Now.

SONG.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far;
And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn:—he fled, and died.

Mar. There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening: Thus it runs:

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow:
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth Time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks, I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue Hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world,
As tho' I were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!

[CHARLES *enters.*]

Ch. I am here.
Did you not call?

Amel. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother (now
I take that title,) in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There's one thing pains me; and I would be calm.

—My husband has been harsh unto me,—yet
He *is* my husband; and you'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago—more, more: and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
But I am weary now.

Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady; nay—

Ch. Indeed you must not.

Amel. Well then, I will be silent: yet, not so.
For ere we journey ever should we take

A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you,—ever; so as might
Become a mother's tender love,—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight Springs come forth and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.

Ch. I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me.

Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: These eyes men swore

Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour—

Ch. Oh! no.

No, no: oh! say not so. I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?

Amel. No: I would caution it against a change,
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead—

Ch. Alas, Alas!

Amel. This is
Not as I wish: you had a braver spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah!—

[WENTWORTH *enters.*]

Mar. She's pale—speak, speak.

Ch. Oh! my lost mother.—How!—You here?

Went. I am come,
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia! she faints: Amelia! [*She dies.*
Poor faded girl! I was too harsh—unjust.

Ch. Look!

Mar. She has left us.

Ch. It is false. Revive!
Mother, revive, revive!
Mar. It is in vain.
Ch. Is it then so?—My soul is sick and faint.
Oh! mother, mother. I—I cannot weep.
Oh! for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her.—And has Death
Indeed, indeed struck *her*,—so beautiful?
So wronged, and never erring; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love.
Oh! thou bright Heaven, if thou art calling now
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom,—rest,
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed,—and the earth is dark below.
—And now—I'll wander far and far away,
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say 'I have no friend in all the world,'
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness; and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.

—From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past.—And now—for Hindostan.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

This Scene is written in imitation of, rather than in strict conformity to, the mode originated by the Greek Tragic-writers.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE

SCENE. *The Vale of Enna.*

PROSERPINE, VIRGINS.

Proser. Now come and sit around me,
And I'll divide the flowers, and give to each
What most becomes her beauty. What a vale
Is this of Enna! Every thing that comes
From the green earth, springs here more graciously
And the blue day, methinks, smiles lovelier now
Than it was wont, even in Sicily.
My spirit mounts as triumphing, and my heart
In which the red blood hides, seems tumulted
By some delicious passion. Look, above,
Above—How nobly through the cloudless sky
The great Apollo goes!—Jove's radiant son—
My father's son: and here, below, the bosom
Of the green earth is almost hid by flowers.

Who would be sad to-day! Come round, and cast
Each one her odorous heap from out her lap,
Into one pile. Some we'll divide amongst us,
And, for the rest, we'll fling them to the Hours;
So may Aurora's path become more fair,
And we be blest in giving.
Here—this rose
(This one half blown) shall be my Maia's portion,
For that like it her blush is beautiful:
And this deep violet, almost as blue
As Pallas' eye, or thine, Lycimnia,
I'll give to thee; for like thyself it wears
Its sweetness, never obtruding. For this lily,
Where can it hang but at Cyane's breast?
And yet 'twill wither on so white a bed,
If flowers have sense for envy:—It shall lie
Amongst thy raven tresses, Cytheris,
Like one star on the bosom of the night.
The cowslip, and the yellow primrose,—they
Are gone, my sad Leontia, to their graves;
And April hath wept o'er them, and the voice
Of March hath sung, even before their deaths,

The dirge of those young children of the year.
But here is heart's-ease for your woes. And now,
The honeysuckle flower I give to thee,
And love it for my sake, my own Cyane:
It hangs upon the stem it loves, as thou
Hast clung to me, thro' every joy and sorrow;
It flourishes with its guardian's growth, as thou dost;
And if the woodman's axe should droop the tree,
The woodbine too must perish.—Hark! what sound—
Do ye see aught?

CHORUS.

Behold, behold, Proserpina!
Dark clouds from out the earth arise,
And wing their way towards the skies,
As they would veil the burning blush of day.
And, look! upon a rolling car,
Some fearful being from afar
Comes onward. As he moves along the ground,
A dull and subterranean sound
Companions him; and from his face doth shine,

Proclaiming him divine,
A light that darkens all the vale around.

SEMICHORUS, (*Cyane.*)

'Tis he, 'tis he: he comes to us
From the depths of Tartarus.
For what of evil doth he roam
From his red and gloomy home,
In the centre of the world,
Where the sinful dead are hurled?
Mark him as he moves along
Drawn by horses black and strong,
Such as may belong to Night
'Ere she takes her morning flight.
Now the chariot stops: the god
On our grassy world hath trod:
Like a Titan steppeth he,
Yet full of his divinity.
On his mighty shoulders lie
Raven locks, and in his eye
A cruel beauty, such as none
Of us may wisely look upon.

Proser. He comes indeed. How like a god he looks!
Terribly lovely—Shall I shun his eye
Which even here looks brightly beautiful?
What a wild leopard glance he has.—I am
Jove's daughter, and shall I then deign to fly?
I will not: yet, methinks, I fear to stay.
Come, let us go, Cyane.

[PLUTO *enters.*]

Pluto. Stay, oh! stay:
Proserpina, Proserpina, I come
From my Tartarean kingdom to behold you.
The brother of Jove am I. I come to say
Gently, beside this blue Sicilian stream,
How much I love you, fair Proserpina.
Think me not rude that thus at once I tell
My passion. I disarm me of all power;
And in the accents of a man I sue,
Bowing before your beauty. Brightest maid!
Let me—still unpresuming—say I have
Roamed through the earth, where many an eye hath smiled

In love upon me, tho' it knew me not;
But I have passed free from amongst them all,
To gaze on you alone. I might have clasped
Lovely and royal maids, and throned queens,
Sea nymphs, and airy shapes, that glide along
Like light across the hills, or those that make
Mysterious music in the desert woods,
Or lend a voice to fountains, or to caves,
Or answering hush the river's sweet reproach—
Oh! I've escaped from all, to come and tell
How much I love you, sweet Proserpina.

SEMICHORUS, (*Cyane.*)

Come with me, away, away,
Fair and young Proserpina.
You will die unless you flee,
Child of crowned Cybele.
Think of all your Mother's love,
Of every stream and pleasant grove
That you must for ever leave,
If the dark king you believe.

Think not of his eyes of fire,
Nor his wily heart's desire,
Nor the locks that round his head
Run like wreathed snakes, and fling
A shadow o'er his eyes glancing;
Nor, the dangerous whispers hung,
Like honey, roofing o'er his tongue.
But think of all thy Mother's glory—
Of her love—of every story
Of the cruel Pluto told,
And which grey Tradition old,
With all its weight of grief and crime,
Hath plucked from out the grave of Time.
Once again I bid thee flee,
Daughter of great Cybele.

Proser. You are too harsh, Cyane.

Pluto. Oh! my love,
Fairer than the white Naiad—Fairer far
Than aught on earth, and fair as aught in heaven:
Hear me, Proserpina!

Proser. Away, Away.

I'll not believe you. What a cunning tongue
He has, Cyane; has he not?—Away.
Can the gods flatter?

Pluto. By my burning throne!
I love you, sweetest: I will make you queen
Of my great kingdom. One third of the world
Shall you reign over, my Proserpina;
And you shall rank as high as any she,
Save one, within the starry court of Jove.

Proser. Will you be true?

Pluto. I swear it. By myself!— —
Come then, my bride.

Proser. Speak thou again, my friend.
Speak, harsh Cyane, in a harsher voice,
And bid me not believe him. Ah! you droop
Your head in silence.

Pluto. Come, my brightest queen!
Come, beautiful Proserpina, and see
The regions over which your husband reigns;
His palaces, and radiant treasures, which
Mock and outstrip all fable; his great power,
Which the living own, and wandering ghosts obey,

And all the elements.—Oh! you shall sit
On my illuminated throne, and be
A queen indeed; and round your forehead shall run
Circlets of gems, as bright as those which bind
The brows of Juno on Heav'n's festal nights,
When all the gods assemble, and bend down
In homage before Jove.

Proser. Speak out, Cyane!

Pluto. But, above all, in my heart shall you reign
Supreme, a goddess and a Queen indeed,
Without a rival. Oh! and you shall share
My subterranean power, and sport upon
The fields Elysian, where, 'midst softest sounds,
And odours springing from immortal flowers,
And mazy rivers, and eternal groves
Of bloom and beauty, the good spirits walk:
And you shall take your station in the skies
Nearest the queen of Heaven, and with her hold
Celestial talk, and meet Jove's tender smile,
So beautiful——

Proser. Away, Away, Away.
Nothing but force shall ever. Oh! away.

I'll not believe—Fool that I am to smile.
Come round me virgins. Am I then betrayed?
O fraudful king!

Pluto. No, by this kiss, and this:
I am your own, my love; and you are mine
For ever and for ever.—Weep Cyane.

CHORUS.

They are gone, afar—afar:
Like the shooting of a star,
See,—their chariot fades away.
Farewell, lost Proserpina.

(*Cyane is gradually transformed.*)

But, ah! what frightful change is here?
Cyane, raise your eyes, and hear!
We call thee,—vainly; On the ground
She sinks, without a single sound,
And all her garments float around.
Again, again, she rises,—light;

Her head is like a fountain bright,
And her glossy ringlets fall,
With a murmur musical,
O'er her shoulders, like a river
That rushes and escapes for ever.
—Is the fair Cyane gone?
And is this fountain left alone
For a sad remembrance, where
We may in after times repair,
With heavy heart, and weeping eye,
To sing songs to her memory?

Oh! then farewell: and now with hearts that mourn
Deeply, to Diana's temple will we go:
But ever on this day we will return,
Constant, to mark Cyane's fountain flow:
And haply,—for among us who can know
The secrets written on the scrolls of Fate,
A day may come, when we may cease our woe;
And she, redeemed at last from Pluto's hate,
Rise in her beauty old, pure, and regenerate.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HEREAFTER

"The glory and the freshness of a Dream."
WORDSWORTH.

I SAW a Shape of beauty in a dream,
Gazing on me. I saw her bright eyes gleam,
Like planets when the waned Moon is gone
Out of the skies. We two were quite alone:
But 'tween us there was drawn an icy bar,
That shone and sparkled like a streaming star,
And daunted me, for all the air around
Was like the coldest springs. There was no sound
Or motion from the sight that met my eye;
Yet I sate mute, and listen'd painfully
To catch the faintest whisper from the form.
Oh! I could have endured the wildest storm
Better than the bright silence of those eyes.
They froze my soul. At last, she seem'd to rise,
And, opening her white bosom, bade me come
Unto her heart, and dwell in that calm home

For ever. How I flew! the bar was shatter'd
To fragments in a moment, and I scatter'd
The bonds that bound me, as the Hebrew tore
The puny cords which in his sleep he wore.
—I flew on, gasping, through the chilling air,
Which like a winter evening glimmer'd there—
A gray and melancholy light, that seems
Born only for those dim, mysterious dreams
That haunt the speculator's brain, and grows
At last to darkness, and begets repose.

I stood beside her, (there was mighty space
Between us, though I seem'd to touch the place
Whereon she was,) and she put forth her hand
And with a look of most supreme command,
But mild as morning, took me to her heart.
—I fainted, died—I know not what;—the smart
Of Death methought was on me; but she smiled,
Like a fond mother o'er her fainting child,
And I arose. I heard that beauty call
Upon me, with a voice so musical,
So deep, and calm, and touching, that had I

Been buried in the chambers of the earth,
I had awoke, and claim'd a lovelier birth.
I listen'd to the music of her sigh,
That came across me, like a summer shower
Freshening the waters, and I blest the power,
Whate'er it was, that drew me to that place,
And let me gaze upon so fair a face.

'Youth,'—as she spoke, I gloried; 'Thou shalt see
'The secrets of the dead. This golden key
'Opens the wide doors of yon pyramid,
'Where all the goodness of the past is hid.
'Wickedness sleeps: but here, beneath my reign,
'There's much of happiness, and nought of pain.
'What there is after, yet you may not know,
'Nor may I be allow'd—nor *can* I show.
'Oh! fear me not: my heart hath lost its chill
'Towards thee now, but I will love thee still.
'I am not dreadful, youth; I——stay your breath
'And listen to me!——I am called "DEATH."
'I am belied, and mock'd, and masqued in bones,
'And hated by the bad, and, with deep groans,

'Am worshipp'd like a dæmon, and with tears,
'And all the horrid host of human fears.
'Yet some, for me, will lose themselves in war,
'And some in revelry, and some in crime,
'And some, in youth, will court me from afar,
'Striking the spirit down before its time.'

'I love more gentle visitings, when the Good
'(Aged and young, in numbers—like a flood
'Majestically flowing in its course,)
'Come to my shadowy dwellings, without force.
'Those hide I amongst flowers that bloom for ever,
'Or lay them down by yonder pleasant river,
'That wanders to the land oblivious.
'Here shall you rest for ages: even by us
'Time passes in his round, although his power
'May not be felt here 'till the final hour,
'When this dim land shall vanish, and the sight
'Open again upon some world of light.'

'Come; thou may'st taste of purer pleasures yet,
'Although thine iced limbs have lost their motion;

'And every sorrow thou wilt here forget,
'(Thou hast forgot already, while I speak.)
—'Here lie, and round thy head the violet
'Shall spring, and, in the distance, the blue ocean
'Shall roll, and there the moon shall seem to break
'From out the clouds, and (for I know the sights
'That do delight thee,) that fair scene shall change
'From time to time: and then thine eye shall range
'And revel all amongst the ethereal lights,
'That star the blue skies upon moonless nights;
'And brightest colours shall gleam before thine eye,
'And flowers arise, and soft shapes pass thee by;
'And perfumes shall exhale o'er thee, and here
'Are songs to charm thy melancholy ear,
'As dim and distant as the "cuckoo-bird"
'To whom no mate replies, or that sad tone
'Of love, in deep untrodden forests heard,
'That cometh from the nightingale alone.'

How fearful were the words the lady spoke.—
At first, her voice upon my sense had broke
So sudden that I started, but at last

It fell and fainted, and, like music past,
Hung in my ear—or some memorial song,
That will not leave us while we walk among
Old scenes,—although they whom we prized of yore
Now live or haunt those pleasant spots no more.

What further?—nothing. The fair shape was gone;
And I was on my couch, awake, alone.

THE COMET

Regnorum eversor rubuit lethale Cometes.

BEHOLD! amidst yon wilderness of stars
(Angels and bright eyed deities that guard
The inner skies, whilst the sun sleeps by night,)
Is one unlike the rest—misshapen—red,
And wandering from its course.—If Sybils now
Breathed their dark oracles, or nations bent,
As once they bent, before Apollo's shrine,
Owning a frenzied priestess' augurics,
What might not this portend—changes and acts
Of fear, and bloody massacres—perhaps
Some sudden end to this fair formed creation,—
Or half the globe made desolate. Behold!

It glares; how like an omen. If that I
Could for a time forget myself in fable,
(Indian or Heathen storied) I could fancy
This were indeed some spirit, 'scaped by chance
From torments in the central earth, and flung
Like an eruption from the thundering breast
Of Ætna, or those mighty hills that stand
Like giants on the Quito plains, to spread
Contagion through the skies. Thus Satan once
Sprang up, adventurous, from Hell's blazing porch,
And like a stream of fire winged his fierce way
Ambiguous, undismayed, thro' frightful wastes,
To where, amidst the jarring elements,
Stern Chaos sate, and everlasting Night
Held her dominion;—yet, even there, he found
The way to Eden.

A VOICE

Vox et Præterea Nihil.

Oh! what a voice is silent. It was soft
As mountain-echoes, when the winds aloft—
The gentle winds of summer meet in caves;
Or when in sheltered places the white waves
Are 'wakened into music, as the breeze
Dimples and stems the current: or as trees
Shaking their green locks in the days of June:
Or Delphic girls when to the maiden moon
They sang harmonious pray'rs: or sounds that come
(However near) like a faint distant hum
Out of the grass, from which mysterious birth
We guess the busy secrets of the earth.
—Like the low voice of Syrinx, when she ran
Into the forests from Arcadian Pan:

Or sad Œnone's, when she pined away
For Paris, or (and yet 'twas not so gay)
As Helen's whisper when she came to Troy,
Half sham'd to wander with that blooming boy:
Like air-touch'd harps in flowery casements hung;
Like unto lovers' ears the wild words sung
In garden bowers at twilight: like the sound
Of Zephyr when he takes his nightly round,
In May, to see the roses all asleep:
Or like the dim strain which along the deep
The sea-maid utters to the sailors' ear,
Telling of tempests, or of dangers near:
Like Desdemona, who (when fear was strong
Upon her soul) chaunted the willow song,
Swan-like before she perish'd: or the tone
Of flutes upon the waters heard alone:
Like words that come upon the memory
Spoken by friends departed; or the sigh
A gentle girl breathes when she tries to hide
The love her eyes betray to all the world beside.

MELANCHOLY

THERE is a mighty Spirit, known on earth
By many names, tho' one alone becomes
Its mystery, its beauty, and its power.
It is not Fear,—'tis not the passive fear
That sinks before the future, nor the dark
Despondency that hangs upon the past:
Not the soft spirit that doth bow to pain,
Nor that which dreads itself, or slowly eats
Like a dull canker till the heart decays.
But in the meditative mind it lives,
Sheltered, caressed, and yields a great return;
And in the deep silent communion
Which it holds ever with the poet's soul,
Tempers, and doth befit him to obey

High inspiration. To the storms and winds
It giveth answer in as proud a tone;
Or on its seat, the heart of man, receives
The gentler tidings of the elements.
I—often home returning from a spot
Holy to me from many wanderings,
Of fancy, or in fact, have felt the power
Of MELANCHOLY stealing on my soul,
Mingling with pleasant images, and from
Sorrow dividing joy; until the shape
Of each did gather to a diviner hue,
And shone unclouded by a thought of pain.
Grief may sublime itself, and pluck the sting
From out its breast, and muse until it seem
Etherial, starry, speculative, wise.
But then it is that Melancholy comes,
Out charming grief—(as the gray morning stills
The tempest oft,) and from its fretful fire
Draws a pale light, by which we see ourselves,
The present, and the future, and the past.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

Now would I that I might cast me in the sea
And perish not.—Great Neptune! I would be
Advanced to the freedom of the main,
And stand before your vast creation's plain,
And roam your watery kingdom thro' and thro',
And see your branching woods, and palace blue,
Spar-built and domed with crystal; ay, and view
The bedded wonders of the lonely deep,
And see on coral banks the Sea-maids sleep,
Children of ancient Nereus, and behold
Their streaming dance about their father old,
Beneath the blue Ægean, where he sate
Wedded to prophecy, and full of fate:

Or rather as Arion harped, indeed,
Would I go floating on my dolphin-steed
Over the billows, and, triumphing there,
Call the white Siren from her cave, to share
My joy, and kiss her willing forehead fair.

I would be free.—Oh! thou fine element,
That with thy thousand ears art round me bent,
To listen and reply—Immortal air!
Viewless and now unfelt, I would be hurled
Almost at will about your kingdom wide,
And mount aloft and mingle in my pride
With the great spirits of your purer world;
And with the music of your winds sublime
Commune, and see those shadows, for this earth
Too buoyant, and excelling shapes, which Time
Has lifted up to a diviner birth,
Amongst the stedfast stars. Away, away;
For in the fountains bright, whence streams the day,
Now will I plunge, and bathe my brain therein,
And cleanse me of all dull poetic sin.

—It may not be. No wings have I to scale
The heights which the great poets pass along;
On earth must I still chaunt an earthly song:
But I may hear, in forests seldom trod,
Love's gentle martyr, the lost nightingale,
Voice her complaint, and when the shadows fail
May see the white stag glance across the sod
Affrighted, like a dusky spectre pale.
This is enough for me, and I can see
That female, fair—*the world's Divinity*,
Brighter than Naiad who by rivers cold
Once wept away her life, as poets told,
And fair as those transcendent queens who drank
The rich nectarean juice in heaven above,
Full in the incomparable smile of Jove,
And saw his lightning eyes, and never sank
Away before him. 'Tis enough for me,
That I can bask in woman's star-like eyes,
A slave in that love-haunted paradise,
Without a wish ever to wander free.

SONG.

"Here's a health to thee, Jessy."
BURNS.

HERE'S a health to thee, Mary,
Here's a health to thee;
The drinkers are gone,
And I am alone,
To think of home and thee, Mary.

There are some who may shine o'er thee, Mary,
And many as frank and free,
And a few as fair,
But the summer air
Is not more sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary,
And thy dimm'd and gentle eye;
And I've called on thy name
When the night winds came,
And heard my heart reply, Mary.

Be thou but true to me, Mary,
And I'll be true to thee;
And at set of sun,
When my task is done,
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary.

NIGHT.

Now, to thy silent presence, Night!
Is, this my young song offered: Oh! to thee,
Down-looking with thy thousand eyes of light—
To thee, and thy starry nobility,
That float, with a delicious murmuring,
(Tho' unheard here) about thy forehead blue;
And as they ride along, in order due,
Circling the round globe in their wandering,
To thee, their ancient queen, and mother, sing.

Mother of beauty! Veiled queen!
Feared, and sought, and never seen
Without a heart-imposing feeling,
Whither art thou gently stealing?

In thy smiling presence, I
Kneel in star-struck idolatry,
And turn me to thine eye (the moon)
Fretting that it must change so soon.
Toying with this idle rhyme,
I scorn that bearded villain Time,
Thine old remorseless enemy,
And build my linked verse to thee.

Not dull and cold and dark art thou:
Who that beholds thy clearer brow,
Endiadem'd with gentlest streaks
Of fleecy-silver'd cloud, adorning
Thee fair as when the young Sun wakes,
And from his cloudy bondage breaks,
And lights upon the breast of morning,
But must feel thy powers—
Mightier than the storm that lowers,
Fairer than the virgin Hours,
That smile when Titan's daughter scatters
Her rose-leaves on the valleys low,
And bids her servant breezes blow.

Not Apollo when he dies
In the wild October skies,
Red and stormy ; nor when he,
In his meridian beauty rides
Over the bosom of the waters,
And turns the blue and burning tides
To silver, is a peer for thee,
In thy full regality.

JULIA.

This Sketch originally formed part of the principal poem in this book; and may be read after the line

"She thought no longer of her cloistered Son."—p. 13.

LET me for once describe her—once—for she
(Julia) hath passed into my memory,
As 'twere some angel image, and there clings,
Like music round the harp's Æolian strings:
A word—a breath revives her, and she stands
As beautiful, and young, and free from care,
As when upon the Tyber's yellow sands
She loosened to the winds her golden hair,
In almost childhood; and in pastime run
Like young Aurora from the morning sun.
Oh! never was a form so delicate
Fashioned in dream or story, to create

Wonder or love in man. I cannot tell
Half of the charms I saw—I see; but well
Each one became her. She was very fair,
And young, I said; and her thick tresses were
Of the bright colour of the light of day:
Her eyes were like the dove's—like Hebe's—or
The maiden moon, or starlight seen afar,
Or like—some eyes I know but may not say.
Never were kisses gathered from such lips,
And not the honey which the wild bee sips
From flowers that on the thymy mountains grow
Hard by Ilissus, half so rich:—Her brow
Was darker than her hair and arched and fine,
And sunny smiles would often often shine
Over a mouth from which came sounds more sweet
Than dying winds, or waters when they meet
Gently, and seem telling and talking o'er
The silence they so long had kept before.

THE LAST SONG.

MUST it be?—Then farewell,
Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so long:
Farewell, and be this song
The last, wherein I say "I loved thee well."

Many a weary strain
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath
Uttered, of Love and Death,
And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.

Oh! if in after years
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
Bid not the pain depart;
But shed, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
Silent, tho' fond, who cast my life away,
Daring to disobey
The passionate Spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again; and yet,
Must it indeed be so—and on this shore
Shall you and I no more
Together see the sun of the Summer set?

For me, my days are gone:
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare
Chaplets to bind my hair,
As I was wont: oh 'twas for you alone.

But on my bier I'll lay
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
Martyr of love to man,
And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

STANZAS.

SHE died—she died;—yet, still to me
She comes, in sad and sober dreaming,
And from her hair a pale light streaming
Shews her as she was wont to be.

She stands in beauty by me still:
Alas! that Death two hearts should sever,
(The father and the child) who ever
Loved, and were so inseparable.

Still are her brow and bosom white;
Her raven hair the one adorning,
And her eyes, sweet as the break of morning,
Shine thro' like stars from the darkest night.

If the quick lustre of her eye—
(Can such then sparkle from the grave?
Be false, may I live still the slave
Of this so charming phantasy,

It matters not, to me, from what
Or whom she gains her beauty now;
I see my child's own sinless brow,
And die—if I believe it not.

ON A ROSE.

Oh! thou dull flower, here silently dying:
And wilt thou never, then,—never resume
Thy colour or perfume?
Alas! and but last night I saw thee lying
Upon the whitest bosom in the world,
And now thy crimson leaves are parched and curled.

Is it that Love hath with his fiery breath
Blown on thee, until thou wast fain to perish,
(Love who so strives to cherish,)
And is the bound so slight 'tween life and death—
A step but from the temple to the tomb?
Oh! where hath fled thy beauty—where thy bloom?

For me, last night I envied thee thy place,
So near a heart which I may never gain,
And now—perhaps in pain,
Thou'rt losing all thy fragrance—all thy grace.
—And yet, it was enough for thee to lie
On her breast, for a moment, and then—die.

SONNET.

On a sequester'd Rivulet.

THERE is no river in the world more sweet,
Or fitter for a sylvan poet's dream,
Than this romantic solitary stream,
Over whose banks so many branches meet,
Entangling :— a more shady bower or neat
Was never fashioned in a summer dream,
Where Nymph or Naiad from the hot sunbeam
Might hide, or in the waters cool her feet.
—A lovelier rivulet was never seen
Wandering amidst Italian meadows, where
Clitumnus lapses from his fountain fair;
Nor in that land where Gods, 'tis said, have been;
Yet there Cephisus ran thro' olives green,
And on its banks Aglaia bound her hair.

SONNET.

PERHAPS the lady of my love is now
Looking upon the skies. A single star
Is rising in the East, and from afar
Sheds a most tremulous lustre: Silent Night
Doth wear it like a jewel on her brow:
But see, it motions, with its lovely light,
Onwards and onwards thro' those depths of blue,
To its appointed course stedfast and true.
So, dearest, would I fain be unto thee,
Stedfast for ever,—like yon planet fair;
And yet more like art *thou* a jewel rare.
Oh! brighter than the brightest star, to me,
Come hither, my young love; and I will wear
Thy beauty on my breast delightedly.

THE END.

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ERRATUM.—p. 115, line 12, for 'there' *read* 'these.'

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